

THE  
HISTORY  
OF THE  
ADVENTURES  
OF  
ARTHUR O'BRADLEY.

THE

# HISTORY

OF THE

ADVENTURES

HISTORY

ARTHUR O'BRADLEY

ADVENTURES

— in his early life —

1800

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ADVENTURES



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HISTORY  
OF THE  
ADVENTURES  
OF  
ARTHUR O' BRADLEY.

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—*Sit mihi fas audita loqui*—

VIRGIL.

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IN TWO VOLUMES.

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VOL. I.

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L O N D O N :

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THE

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OF  
ARTHUR O'BRADLEY, &c.

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CHAP. I.

*Which (like most other Introductions to History) the Reader will not find very entertaining.*

ARTHUR O' BRADLEY, was descended from an ancient *English* Family. From a Child he was naturally fond of reading, and, when at a public School, ever diligent in the

VOL. I.                      B                      Pursuit



Pursuit of Learning : He was tenderly beloved by his Master, and never known to deserve Correction ; so that he became the Envy of his School-fellows, while he was the Admiration of every one that knew him.

He was remarkable when a Boy for a serious turn of Mind, and an Inattention to those Pleasures which Children generally pursue. Books were his usual Companions, and the Study of Poetry and Music the Objects of his Amusement. He was beautiful and delicate in Person, yet had a manly Dignity about him, which seemed to break forth before its appointed Time. An eager Ambition for Action in the Business of the World, discovered itself very early ; while his Mind was big with Schemes and Projects, in appearance, beyond the  
Depth



## ARTHUR O' BRADLEY. 3

Depth of his Capacity. He solicited, when very young, to be put to some ingenious Profession, but was refused by his Father, who always told him it was time enough, and that he did not intend him for business. This resolution damped his aspiring Soul, but did not prevent his pursuing those Studies which were allowed him.

When he was arrived at the Age of eighteen Years, his Father one Day took him aside, and addressed him in the following manner : —“ My dear Son, it is  
“ now full Time for one of your Age and  
“ Abilities to push your Fortune in the  
“ World. I have long viewed you  
“ with strict Attention, and have not  
“ the least doubt but you will do well.  
“ You have received a learned Educa-  
B 2                      “ tion;

“tion, which, with a Genius like yours,  
“will be sufficient to support you thro’  
“Life. Be not discouraged, I am well  
“assured, when you step forth into the  
“Theatre of the World, you will meet  
“with many Opportunities of employ-  
“ing your Talents to Advantage; and  
“what you obtain by Industry, you  
“will know how to use properly. When  
“you mix with Mankind, you will meet  
“with many Difficulties; but remem-  
“ber, that Courage and Perseverance,  
“in a just Cause, will seldom fail to  
“support you. Let not the Example  
“of others, nor the general Prevalence  
“of Vice and Pleasure, lead you to any  
“Thing that may destroy your Health,  
“Fame, or Peace of mind. Be honest,  
“and be virtuous, and ever mindful of  
“preserving a good Character; for by  
“these means only, can you hope to  
gain

ARTHUR O' BRADLEY. 5

“ gain the Friendship and Esteem of  
“ Mankind. Do nothing that may  
“ bring the Reproach of the World  
“ upon you, for there is no Situation  
“ so wretched as that of being despised.  
“ You have been educated in the Reli-  
“ gion of your Country, which I, by  
“ long Experience, have found to be  
“ most rational; and wisely calculated  
“ to influence the Minds of Men, in  
“ respect to their moral Conduct : And  
“ however your Opinion may vary, on  
“ an Examination of the Principles on  
“ which it is founded, keep it a Secret  
“ from the World; and avoid joining  
“ the Libertinism of Infidels, or Super-  
“ stition of Enthusiasts. Moderate your  
“ Expences to the Limits of your In-  
“ come; for it is not what a Man gets,  
“ but what he spends that may undo  
“ him. Let not Ambition lead you to

“ Things that are out of your Power ;  
“ for this will break in upon your Hap-  
“ piness : Observation has convinced  
“ me, that the middle Station in Life is  
“ most desirable. Do not marry too  
“ soon, and not at all, unless you are  
“ well assured you have a Prospect of  
“ being happy : I do not mean to dis-  
“ suade you from this important Duty,  
“ but to consider well before you en-  
“ gage in it.—You will find with your  
“ Cloaths, such Books as I judge most  
“ necessary and useful to improve your  
“ Studies, and with them *Twenty Guineas*,  
“ a Sum, if properly used, sufficient to  
“ support you till your own Diligence  
“ and Industry provide better for you ;  
“ and it is all you must ever expect from  
“ me. However strange or unnatural  
“ this Conduct may appear, I have my  
“ Reasons for it ; nor am I at liberty to  
“ explain.

## ARTHUR O' BRADLEY. 7

“ explain them.—Leave my House this  
“ Night, never to return ; but be as-  
“ sured, that however distant Fortune  
“ may place you from me, I shall al-  
“ ways be near you with good Wishes.—  
“ May the Providence of the Almighty  
“ guard you from the Perils of this  
“ troublesome World ; and direct your  
“ Steps to every thing that is good and  
“ praise-worthy.”——So saying, he left  
the Room.

## C H A P. II.

*Not more entertaining than the last.*

**R**EADER, did you ever see the *Statue of Surprise*, or any thing in Appearance human, but perfectly inanimate?—Such was our Hero when his Father finished his Discourse and left him. Grief was too silent to give him Utterance, nor did he for many Minutes appear to have Life in him. At length he started in frantic Madness, while Tears flew down his Face with great Rapidity. This kind Relief of Nature, brought Sensibility with it: At first, he thought of seeking his Father to enquire into the Cause of his Banishment;

next



## ARTHUR O' BRADLEY. 9

next he considered the Goodness of his Father's Heart, and the Immutability of his Conduct, and hence imagined it to proceed from some wise reason, or unforeseen cause, and therefore supposed that all solicitation would be in vain. This determined him to obey the Intjunction of leaving the House immediately ; but as his Love and Duty was very powerful, it led him to seek his Father, with no other Intention but to ask his Blessing. Upon Enquiry he was informed he had 'est the House sometime, and would not return till the next Day.—He resolved to act in every thing agreeable to his Father's Orders ; therefore, with a Mind too distressed for Words to paint, he left the peaceful Habitation where first he drew his Breath, and had passed the most agreeable

B. 5

Moments

Moments of his Life, in unpolluted Innocence.

*Arthur* had wandered some Time, before he collected himself to consider where he was going; he then perceived that approaching Night made it necessary to seek a Place of Shelter. The first Thought that struck him, was to go to the House of a Friend, whose Brother had been his School-fellow. To this Place he went, and met with a kind Reception: His melancholy Appearance obliged him to explain the Cause of it, but it was long ere his swelling Heart would suffer him to do it. The Pity of this Friend, and his hospitable Family, rather added to his Misery than relieved him. Here, however, he had all the Offers of Friendship, that naturally flow from Minds exalted by Benevolence and

ARTHUR O' BRADLEY. 71

and Humanity, and arise solely from Sympathy, free from an Expectation of future Interest.

In a few Days, when Reason had in some Measure conquered Grief, he wrote to his Father to acquaint him of his Situation; and in the most tender and dutiful Terms, requested to know the Cause of his being sent into the World so suddenly, without the least Notice or Preparation: And though he was forbid to return, he hoped to receive an Answer to his Letter; but in this he was disappointed, for all that it produced, was the Chest with his Cloaths and Books; which was sent to him as soon as it was known where he was.— This would have involved his Mind in fresh Distress, had not Mr. *Goodall* (for that was the Name of this worthy Man) kindly

kindly interposed, and cheared his drooping Spirits with Affurances of Friendship, and generous Offers to serve and assist him to the utmost of his Power. How soon do great Souls feel the Miseries of others! And how readily do they endeavour to relieve their Distresses!

Mr. Goodall considered, that though London was the most likely Place for a Person of Genius to succeed in; yet Arthur's Youth and Inexperience would lay him open to many disagreeable Circumstances, notwithstanding his Sensibility and Goodness of Heart; and that a false Step at first setting out, might undo him for ever. He was a sensible Man and knew the World, and had learned by Observation, that most of the Misfortunes we labour under, generally have their Rise from Imprudence and Folly

Folly in the early Part of our Lives, before Reason and Reflection teach us to make proper Distinctions : For such is the Perverseness and Depravity of human Nature, that few have either Power or Inclination to get the better of first Impressions, however destructive of Welfare and Happiness : And a little Observation will inform us, that when once a Man steps forward into Milchief, he finds it easier to persevere than recede.

It was therefore recommended to our *Hero*, that he should go to Mr. *Goodall's* Brother, who was settled in a prosperous way at one of the principal Towns in *Devonshire* ; as it would be an Asylum for him, till Time and Opportunity should give an Opening for fixing him in some proper Employment. This met with *Arthur's* Approbation ; and  
Mr.

Mr. *Goodall's* Brother was made acquainted with the distressed Circumstances of his old School-fellow. He immediately gave him the most pressing Invitation, and promised him all the Offices of Friendship, that Affection or Humanity could dictate.—

The Time was fixed for his Departure.—

Mr. *Goodall* promised that he would go to his Father, and if possible settle Things in his Favour, as soon as he could inform him that he had placed his Son secure from Danger.—These kind Services, alleviated the anxious Thoughts in *Arthur's* Mind ; and every Thing seemed to wear the Face of Composure and Tranquillity.



## C H A P. III.

*Containing some Account of an Amour;  
and a very learned Discourse on Love;  
in which the History advances but slowly.*

THE Reader, will undoubtedly feel the most agreeable Sensations of Mind, at the promising Appearance of *Arthur's* being made happy: he will, if his Heart is susceptible of Humanity, and those tender Impressions, which great and good Men feel for the Distresses of others.—But alas! Misery had not yet taken her Flight!—You must know, *Gentle Reader*, that Love had taken Possession of *Arthur's* Breast: And where so naturally, as  
with

with him, whose Soul was simple and delicate; whose Bosom was a Mansion of manly Tendernefs, capable of receiving the most refined, and exalted Sensations?

To say less of the Object of his Love, would fall short of her true Character; and to say more, might appear Hyperbole or Flattery; except, that her Person was equal to the fairest, and most lovely of her Sex. To examine, whether she was equal in Beauty, with *Venus*, or *Helen*, or *Cleopatra*, is what I shall not attend to, as I do not design this History for the use of *Circulating Libraries*, or mean to waste my own Time, and the *Reader's*, on Things of no Importance. She was young and beautiful, and the Perfections of her Person, were in my Opinion, far inferior

rior to those of her Mind. Nature seemed to have formed them for each other, but Circumstances seemed to forbid it.

This lovely Couple, were the Children of neighbouring Parents; brought up as it were together, and united in Harmony from Childhood: Increasing Years increased Affection; and what at first was only Friendship, dissolved at last into *Love*: *Love*, founded upon reciprocal Affection. The gross Idea, too commonly called *Love*, was not the Object of their Wishes: Theirs was built upon a thorough, and mutual Liking of each other; on those delicate and heavenly Sentiments, which great Souls only are susceptible of, and which unpolluted Innocence and Virtue alone inspire.

I shall

I shall here beg Leave of the *Reader*, to digress from the History, and make some Enquiry into the Nature of this divine Passion; which he may read if he pleases, or pass on to the next *Chapter*, for in my Opinion, it is a Subject of great Importance, and worthy the Consideration, of that learned and respectable Body of Philosophers at the *Robin Hood*..

*Love*, in a general and unlimited Sense, is social Benevolence. It directs us to relieve the Necessities, to supply the Wants of, and to assist each other in our Undertakings: It is the Cement and Band of Society.—In a more restrained Signification, it may be defined, to be an inward Propension of the Soul, to one Object more than another; which inclines the Person actuated by it, to render

render all good Offices to, and as much as possible promote the Welfare and Happiness of the Party beloved. In every Case, it is a Passion absolutely pure, and divested of all selfish and interested Views.

From whence does it arise, when directed to a particular Object?—Generally from the Observance of a natural Disposition in the Mind of the beloved Object, correspondent to that of the Lover. This is its usual Origin, though it is sometimes produced by other causes. For Instance,——Virtue will naturally command a Respect, a Veneration, a Love of it, and of the Person that possesses it, in the Minds of every one, but the most incorrigibly vicious; and those who are guilty of the most flagrant Impieties; though the Person inspired:

spired with the Passion, may not himself, inviolably adhere to the Dictates of Reason; may not always practise Virtue.

We are all of us prejudiced in Favour of our own Humours; and when we see a Person, in whom that same Humour is as remarkably predominant as in ourselves, we are naturally inclined to love that Person; and this Love, if mutual, will subsist as long as the Interests of the Lovers remain the same; but, if once they happen to clash, Love will of Course dissolve, unless the Disposition on which it is founded, be a correspondently virtuous one: In this Case, it will remain unaltered, and can never die, but with the Dissolution of such a Similarity of Disposition.—— Perhaps the *Reader* will say, “Why, this  
is



is not Love, this is Friendship; you make no Difference between them!"—  
 What if there be none where Love is mutual? Every Friendship is a Love; but every Love is not a Friendship. 'Tis essential to Friendship, that it is mutual; but there may be a Love, which though it expects, does not meet with suitable Returns; though in this Case, the Passion will hardly ever be of long Duration; but will by Degrees die away, and almost entirely lose that Possession of the Soul it had once taken.

There is a Passion too generally called *Love*, though of a different Nature: I mean *Desire*. There is a wide Difference between them. The *Zenith* is not more distant from the *Nadir*, than *Desire* is from real Love, at least from my  
 Idea

Idea of it. A Love, by one Person of another, of a different Sex, may, and often does create a Desire of Possession: Now, I think it is plain, that this Production shews their essential Difference. *Desire* differs then from *Love*, as an Effect does from a Cause.

*Desire*, has been known to extinguish, without *Love*'s abating in the least Degree. *Desire*, is not always produced by Love; however not generally. The usual Cause of *Desire*, is the personal Charms of an Object, that really is, or seems to be (for that will make no Difference) beautiful, or handsome. — *Desire*, may frequently subsist, without *Love*; and this is another Proof, that they are in their Natures Distinct. — For my own Part, I cannot think, that there is any more Analogy, any greater simi-

similarity between *Love* and *Desire*, than there is between that Pleasure we enjoy, in the Company of one whose Conversation appears agreeable; or what we feel, when we eat, or drink, or when we gratify our Smell, Sight, Hearing, or Touch. *Desire*, is a mere corporeal Appetite: *Love*, a Passion of the Soul; and where it is pure, it is celestial and divine.

I deny not, that *Love* and *Desire* may subsist in the same Person; but they can never be directed to the same Object; though a Party beloved, may be also at the same Time desirable, and may be desired. When this is the Case, and there happens to be any real and proper Impediments to the Gratification of a *Desire*; *Love*, will be so far from causing *Desire*, that, on the contrary,  
this

this noble Passion will itself restrain the Impetuosity of *Desire*.—There have been numberless Instances of People, who having a violent *Desire*, without any *Love* of the Persons desirable, have, by associating, and frequently conversing with them, discovered something in their Minds, that has inspired a pure, and disinterested *Love*; which, if it has not entirely extirpated their *Desires*, has at least restrained them within due and lawful Bounds.—It is therefore evident, that *Love* and *Desire*, are Passions very distinct, and that their Ideas cannot be associated.

C H A P. IV.

*A very melancholy one, that few Readers will be pleased with, but it is necessary to the History, and therefore must be read.*

ARTHUR, paid a Visit to his beloved *Louisa* (for that was her Name) and intended to have informed her of what had happened: But from her Intimacy with his Family, she was made acquainted with it soon after he left his Father's House. Words are too few to express the Distraction of her Mind at the disagreeable News; or, her Joy on once more seeing the Idol of her Soul; the Object of all her Wishes;



the Fountain of all her Felicity!—— While she was all Transport, Fondness and Love; he was all Dejection, Madness, and Despair. At length, summoning up all the Philosophy he was Master of, he told his adorable *Louisa*, of his destined Journey into the Country.

Those pleasing Ideas which his Presence had inspired, soon vanished. The Roses painted on her orby Cheeks, now sunk and died away, leaving with Reluctance their envied Situation! Her angelic Face, became a striking Picture of pale Mortality; while with faltering Tongue, and broken Accents, she trembling cry'd in the Words of *Belvidera*,

“Part! must we part? Oh! am I  
“then forsaken?”

*Arthur,*



*Arthur*, gazed upon her with a Parent's Fondness, and for some Time, his Distress of Mind deprived him of the Power of Speech. At length, Reason took her Turn to reign, and throwing his Arms about her (with a Delicacy not to be described) he endeavoured to relieve her Anguish of Mind, in the most tender and affectionate Manner.

“ Think not, my dearest, my beloved  
 “ *Louisa*,” he cry’d, that we shall part  
 “ for ever! Though Fate has now de-  
 “ creed it, something tells me we shall  
 “ meet again: meet, to be for ever  
 “ happy!——What we have not Fore-  
 “ sight to avoid, or Power to prevent,  
 “ we should patiently endure. Perhaps,  
 “ it is the Dispensation of Providence;  
 “ and however it may afflict us at pre-

“ sent, yet it is our Duty to obey. I  
“ am willing to believe it the necessary  
“ Introduction to our future Happiness;  
“ let us think so at least, and it will in  
“ some Measure, relieve the Pain of a  
“ cruel Separation. Would it were pos-  
“ sible to take you along with me; but  
“ that cannot be, consistent with my  
“ Honour, or with your Duty and  
“ Obedience to your Parents.—Think  
“ not, my angelic Creature, I am to  
“ be eternally banished. A few Days  
“ will always bring me to you; every  
“ Week will bless us with the News of  
“ each others Welfare; and Absence  
“ will increase (if possible) rather than  
“ destroy our Love. Be assured, Time  
“ will bring every Thing about, that  
“ our most ardent Wishes can hope or  
“ expect. Heaven, can design us no  
“ evil

"evil, for surely we have not deserved  
"any."

With such Expressions, such Reasoning, and much more, did he endeavour to reconcile her to the present Posture of his Affairs, and lay a Foundation for her Peace of Mind. She was sensible; Reason brought her to reflect properly, and Necessity prevailed; but she treasured up every Word in her Heart.—The Time fixed for his Departure was come, and he knew how necessary it was, to fulfil his Engagements, and follow the Advice of Mr. *Goodall*.——After much Distress on each Side, and such Tenderneſs, Love and Affection, as delicate Souls may conceive, but Words cannot describe—they parted. She retired to her Chamber, to calm the Distraction of

her Mind; and he, (scarcely knowing what he did) returned to Mr. *Goodall's*.

I almost suspect, that the Reader, or the Critics, or somebody (no Matter who) will find great Fault with *Arthur's* Behaviour in this Chapter; and say, that he wanted Tenderness, and Delicacy, and Affection, and Love, and the Lord knows what, and that he parted with *Louisa* in a hasty, abrupt Manner. The *Ladies*, I know will say so; and I could almost venture to affirm, that many of the squeamish *maiden-like* Gentlemen within the Bills of Mortality will say so too: But I do not care what they say, for it is my own private Opinion, that he acted wisely, and was not deficient in any one Point, that related to the Character of a rational,  
good

good being; but some People (observe, I do not mention Names) have no Conceptions; and others, *conceive* when they had better let it alone.

## C H A P. V.

*In which the History goes on. A Digression shewing what is necessary to be observed in Novel writing. Some Account of the Company in the Stage-Coach, and sundry other Matters, amazingly curious and entertaining.*

MR. Goodall was waiting for *Arthur* when he returned from *Louisa*, in order to accompany him to the Inn, where the *Exeter* Coach went from, which was to convey him within twenty Miles of his Journey's End. I shall pass over the Ceremony of parting with Mr. Goodall's Family, as it would be tedious and unentertaining: Suffice it

to



to say, that they were sincerely interested in his Welfare and Happiness, and took their Leave of him, with great Civility, and great Sorrow.

Mr. *Goodall* staid with him till the Coach set off, which was early in the Morning, and gave him all the friendly Advice he thought necessary; which *Arthur* received with Pleasure and Gratitude: So readily do great and good Minds (sensible of their own Insufficiency) attend to the Instruction of others. —

I have mentioned before, that Mr. *Goodall* proposed going to his Father, as soon as he should be able to inform him, that he had properly disposed of his Son; this *Arthur* reminded him of: But the last Request he made, was,

C 5 .

that

that he would see his dear *Louisa* as often as possible; and endeavour to relieve her Mind under the present distressful Circumstances. This, Mr. *Godall* promised he would constantly do. The Coach drew off, and *Arthur* could only wave his Hand at parting; for his Agitation of Mind was too violent to suffer him to speak. —

It is exceeding fortunate for me as a *Novel* Writer (for in this Light I am afraid, I shall most certainly be considered) that the real Circumstances of this *History*, furnish me with a *Stage-Coach*, as at all Events I must have introduced one. A Woman of Fashion might as well be without her Looking-Glass; a Body without a Head; a Fiddle without a Bridge; an Author without a Sword; a Monkey without a Tail,  
(though

(though it must be allowed that some Monkeys have neither Heads nor Tails) or a Citizen's Apprentice without his Lady of Pleasure; as a Novel without an *Amour*, an *Elopement*, or a *Stage-Coach*; according to the *present* Mode of Writing.—But, to go on.

*Arthur's* Companions in the Coach, were five in Number, *viz.* An Irish Lieutenant of Marines, a Scotch Midshipman belonging to the Navy, a Musick-Master, a Gentleman whose Appearance did not denote his Profession, and a fat Gentlewoman, with whom the Reader will be better acquainted by and by.—The Scotchman, *Arthur*, and the Musick-Master rode forwards, or, as it is usually termed, backwards; that is to say, with their Backs to the Horses, as many an unfortunate Gentleman has done,

done, when he would have chose to have had the Liberty of walking on Foot. The fat Lady, the Irish Officer, and the other Person sat on the opposite Side. The last mentioned Passenger (in Point of Bulk) might have acted Sir *John Falstaff* without stuffing, for his Belly projected in such a preposterous Manner, that he was almost in Want of a Wheelbarrow to drive it before him; in short, he was a Mountain of Mummy, and ought to have had the whole Coach to himself, or at least one Side of it.— Between him and the fat Lady, sat the Officer, who happily for them, was a mere Skeleton, and would have made an excellent *Shadow* in the second Part of *Shakespeare's* Harry the 4th.

The Coach set off from the Bell-Inn, Friday-Street, before it was Light, and arrived

arrived at the Bear, in Piccadilly, before the Passengers broke Silence. The Music-Master letting down the Window, observed, that "it was a very foggy Morning," for it was in the Month of January. The Lady replied, "it was what must be expected at this Time of the Year;" and the Irish Officer, (who appeared to be sickly) begged the Window might be drawn up, adding, "that it was piercing cold." *Arthur* was silent, and so was the Scotchman; as for the other Person, he had slept all the Way, but was waked by the drawing up of the Window, and growled out, "what the Devil's the Matter?" "Only a Stop Sir," replied the Music-Master. "Pox take it," said the other, "it has spoiled my Nap."——"Well, for my Part," said the Lady, "I wonders how any ones can sleep in an odourous Stage-Coach."

"That



“That may be,” returned the Gentleman, in a surly Manner, “and I should wonder, if a Woman’s Tongue ever laid still.”—“What do you mean by that,” said she, “you *Jack-napes*? I knows how to use my Tongue as well as any ones.” “I make no doubt of your Abilities,” replied he, “you’re a knowing one I’ll warrant.” “You warrant,” said she, “who cares for what you’ll warrant? I knows how to warrant as well as other Folks, and let me tell you, Sir, if you offer to be rude with me, you’ll come off with the worst on’t.”—“By *Jasus*,” cried the Officer, “the Engagement begins to grow warm, and I’m afraid I shall stand but a nasty Chance between these two battering Rams.” “Battering Rams,” said she, “don’t attempt to ram me, you Molly Milk-sop, your Betters sha’nt do it, unless I likes it.”

“By



"By my Saul Capteen," cried the Scotchman, "I'd advise you to strike your Colours, or you'll be overpowered with Weight of Mettle, and be boarded if you suffer another Broadside, for the Enemy has charged afresh." N. B. The Scotchman had observed the Lady pull a Dram Bottle out of her Pocket, and recruit her Spirits, and this was what he alluded to. "Pray hold your Peace you Scotch Booby," said she, "the Gemman and I knows how to settle our Matters without you." "O, ho," said he, "the Wind's shifted, what you tack about, do you? Well, to be sure, 'twas a little cowardly for a sixty-gun Ship to attack a small Frigate." "None of your tacks *Sawney*," cried she, "I dares to say, he carries as many Guns as you do; it was not him that began the Quarrel, and if he had, I dares to say, he is able to fight his

his own Battles, without the 'sistance of a Bully. Odds my Life these Scotchmen have more Impurrence than Highway-men; I'm sure they've a most ruined poor Old *Inglun*, but I hope as how, there's a great Man at Court, that will fend you all packing to your own Country." "Come, come," said the Music-Master, (who had been silent) "give over, give over, tis all Discord, and no Harmony; this is as bad as Chromatics, I love the harmonic System, what say you Sir?" (addressing himself to *Arthur*) "O Sir," replied *Arthur*, "I love Harmony." "So its a Sign," said the Lady, "to sit quiet all this while, and suffer a Woman to be treated in this Manner, you Stripling you; if you belonged to me, I'd flog you well, so I would."—"I hope," said the Music-Master (who by the bye, was a Joker) "the young Gentleman.

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“ Gentleman stands in no need of a flogging.” “ For my part,” replied *Arthur*, “ I cannot see how I have offended the Lady by standing neuter.” “ Do not talk to me, Boy, cried she, Do you think I cares for your standing one way or the other ? You are all a Parcel of Monsters to see me so ill used by a Scotch Blockhead, and not take my Part :——Would I were in my own Coach ; for I hate a Stage, where ones forced to be jumbled with all Sorts of vulgar Company.”——

This last Sentence was pronounced with a bouncing Emphasis, accompanied with such a Sneer of Contempt for the whole Company, that it is difficult to say how the Quarrel might have ended, had not an Accident put a Stop to it.

This

This was no other than a Gentleman's Post-coach being overturned through the Carelessness of the Postillion. When the Stage-coach came up and stopped, the Gentleman was helping his Lady out of the Coach, who seemed greatly frightened. Nothing was ever equal to his Anxiety, fearing she had received some Hurt, but his excessive Joy, when he found she had met with no other Harm but what arose from her Fright. His polite and affectionate Tenderness to her, attracted the Attention of the Passengers in the Coach, the fat Lady excepted, and indeed the fat Gentleman, who had just before fallen asleep again.

The other four got out of the Coach, and offered their Assistance; and the Music-master knowing them, politely begged the Lady to accept of his Place  
in

in the Coach till they reached *Staines*, where a Carriage might be had; *Arthur* made the same Offer to the Gentleman, but luckily, at that Instant, a returned Post-chaise passing by, prevented an Acceptance of the Offer. The Coach being greatly shattered, was left behind to reach *Staines* in the best manner it could. The Post-chaise drove off, after many Compliments passed for the proffered Civilities, and the Passengers returning to the Coach, proceeded on their Journey.

The Conversation now turning on the late Accident, the fat Lady observed,  
 “ That it was no great Matter: For my  
 “ Part, (cried she) I knows no Business  
 “ such Trumpery have to be frisking  
 “ about in Coaches; if they had broke  
 “ their Necks it would not have signified  
 much;



“ much ; for my Part I should not have  
“ been sorry for it : How prodigious  
“ fond the Spark seemed of his Doxy ?  
“ But she will give him as good as he  
“ brings I will answer for it ; she is a  
“ pretty Minx, and knows how to make  
“ the most of her Man, as well as any  
“ ones.”——“ Pray Ma’am, (said the  
“ Music-master) do you know the Gen-  
“ tleman and Lady ?”——“ Yes, yes,  
“ (replied she) I knows ’um well enough,  
“ she’s a Girl of the Town, and he’s a  
“ young Hoxonian.”——“ Upon my  
“ Word (said he) you are greatly mis-  
“ taken ; they are very different sort of  
“ People from what you mention, for I  
“ am intimately acquainted with them.”  
This point-blank Contradiction was not  
to be disputed. The Lady found she  
had gone too far, and therefore gave the  
Matter up ; saying, in a confused Man-  
ner,



ner, " Good lack ! As you say, Sir, I  
 " believe as how I am mistaken ; tho'  
 " they are vastly like the Persons I  
 " means ; but, indeed, I was wondering  
 " how they should raise so handsome a  
 " Coach and four."

It is a common Observation, that  
 when Persons accustom themselves to  
 break through the Barrier of Truth,  
 they are seldom so attentive to what they  
 say, as to know when they exceed the  
 Bounds of Certainty ; they have a Way  
 to Falseness, which they so easily and  
 frequently slide into, that it is almost  
 impossible for them to guard against it.

" The Lady you imagined you knew,  
 " (said the Music-master) is the beauti-  
 " ful *Clarinda*, whose Story is somewhat  
 " singular."—" Pray, Sir," said *Arthur*,  
 (whose

(whose Curiosity was immediately raised) “will you be so obliging as to  
“favour us with it?” —“O pray, Sir,  
“do, cried the Lady, (recovering herself, and being unwilling to hear any  
“more of her pretended Blunder) I  
“loves Stories of all Things.” The  
Gentleman very civilly replied, “He  
“would endeavour to relate it in the  
“best manner he could :”—and proceeded with the Story; which the Reader will find in the next Chapter.

## C H A P. V.

*The* HISTORY of CLARINDA.

CLARINDA was the Daughter of a Gentleman of Fortune in the County of ——— : She excelled most of her Sex in Beauty : Her Eyes displayed the Lustre of the Diamond ; her Skin the Fairness of the Lily ; her Features were delicate, her Air majestic and divine ; and what above all made these Perfections more truly valuable, was, that they were not the Work of Art, but of Nature. She had good Sense, an acquired Judgment, and every other Accomplishment that Affluence, and a Parent's Fondness could bestow.

*Florio,*

*Florio*, a young Gentleman of a considerable Family and Fortune, and a Neighbour to *Clarinda*, took all Opportunities of being in her Company : He fell violently in Love with her, but his Passion was founded only on personal Charms. Her Father encouraged his Visits, as he wished for an Alliance with *Florio's* Family ; and though at first they were disagreeable to *Clarinda*, the Frequency of them, and the Entreaties of her Father to accept him for a Lover, rendered them by Degrees agreeable ; especially, as at every Meeting, he expressed his Passion with great Tenderness, and Fervency. *Clarinda* believed him a Man of Virtue, as he vowed his Soul was enraptured with an honourable Love. He swore so frequently to the Sincerity of his Intentions, that the beauteous fair one was at length persuaded

suaded to believe, without reciprocal Love on her side, he would be wretched.

She resolved to encourage his Addresses; partly in Obedience to her Father, and partly out of Gratitude, arising from his Promises of Love and Friendship. The Consideration of these Things, prompted her to give him every Assurance of her Regard and Esteem for him. Innocent Freedoms, with a Mixture of the most tender and delicate Expressions passed at every Meeting. But oh! one luckless Hour! he found the fair Innocent seated in a shady Grove belonging to her Father's Garden, in a Moment when her Mind was fitted to give, and to receive the Soul-dissolving Bliss of Love!—What a Pity, that there are in Life such loose unguarded Minutes when Tenderness melts down the



Soul, and leaves the Breast too open to Deceivers!——

Such was the Time, when softly stealing to the Grove, *Florio* found her there; and as she sat reclined, he pressed the Charmer's Hand, kissed it with Ardency, and begged, with Love-beguiling Tears, she would fix the Day to make him happy.—She was greatly affected with the Earnestness of his Solicitations;—he saw her soften, kissed her blushing Cheek, called it the golden Minute of his Life, and gently pressed her snowy Bosom.—Such Fondness, at this Time, had an improper Effect upon her; she yielded to she knew not what. He, Vulture like, fiercely seized the unguarded Opportunity, long waited, and long wished for, and robbed the tender fair one of her Virtue!——

Alas!



Alas! poor Innocent! no sooner were they parted, but the Thought of what had passed gave her Soul Distraction! Hard was the Task to conceal her Distress of Mind from the Family, but Shame and Prudence, for a Time, prevented a Discovery.——She reflected on his Oaths of Love, Sincerity and Constancy; and hoped she should have it in her Power to secure the Deceiver, and win him to fulfil them.——For a Time, their Meetings were as frequent and as affectionate as ever; and though She was obliged to submit to a Continuance of what She at first too easily consented to, her Soul abhorred the Thought; but that it seemed the likeliest Means of securing him and her future Happiness.——

She tenderly pressed him to marry her, for fear of approaching Shame, and rea-

soned with him on the Consequences of what had passed; he had always some evasive Excuse for the present; yet, she fondly hoped, as her Charms had first engaged his Love, that they would still have sufficient Power to secure him her's. —False, flattering Hope! He soon was “*Fully sated with the luscious Banquet,*” and went but seldom to her.—At length, “*A cold Indifference came:*”——She saw the Wretch no more!——

Judge her Distraction when She found him false!—She hoped, she feared; at last — she found her Fears too true.—*Florio* was paying his Addresses to another. On the News of this, *Clarinda* underwent the most agonizing Torture the Mind is capable of sustaining.—— Her Father perceiving her Distress of Mind, pressed her to know the Cause, and

and that so tenderly, that she discovered the whole affair without the least Reserve; for her Heart was a Stranger to Hypocrisy or Deceit.—The good old Man, though greatly shocked, did not reproach her; well knowing such Things are useless when they come too late; especially as he reflected it was at his Request she first encouraged the perjured *Florio*.——He considered what Step was best to be taken, and soon resolved to wait on his Father, and endeavour to bring Matters to a happy Conclusion; but before this could be done, he received the News of *Florio's* Marriage.—

Her Father was greatly surpris'd; but judge the Shock it gave the tender-hearted *Clarinda*, whose Spirits were already too much depressed, to hope she could long survive this fatal Period.—

What was now the Situation of her Breast! O would these perjured false ones reflect on the inexpressible Misery they cause in the Minds of the fair ones, who yield to faithless Vows their Virgin Innocence, they never could renounce the charming Creatures. What a pitch of Baseness is it, to sooth the fond believing Maid with tender Tales of Love, and watch the unguarded Minute to rob her of every thing that is dear and sacred to her!—What Infamy to debauch a young Innocent, under the specious Pretences of Love and Honour!—How mean, ungenerous and unjust, thus to treat the tender fair ones, sent as Companions in the Cares of Life?

*“The cordial Drop, Heav’n in our Cup  
“has thrown,*

*“To make the nauseous Draught of Life  
“go down.”*

I beg

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I beg Pardon, said the Gentleman, for interrupting the Story with my own Remarks. “ O, replied *Arthur*, with great Eagerness, don't make “ any Apology, Sir, they are just and “ entertaining, and discover your own “ Goodness of Heart, which you need “ not be ashamed of.” The Gentleman bowed, and resumed the Story :

“ The unhappy *Clarinda* was sunk into a melancholy, from which the Entreaties of her Friends were not able to extricate her. The Affair soon became public, through the Malevolence of impertinent Curiosity; yet every one condemned the perjured *Florio*, every one pitied the injured *Clarinda*.

A young Nobleman of the Neighbourhood, who (though he had never seen her) was not unacquainted with her Person and Accomplishments, from the Voice of Fame; and being a Lover of strict Honour, and a Friend to Virtue, he was sensibly moved with the Injury done so deserving a Creature. He interested himself in the Affair from a Principle of Humanity, and persuaded her Father to demand Satisfaction of *Florio*, for the Violation of his Daughter's Innocence and Virtue; especially as it could be proved, by some Letters sent to *Clarinda*, he had promised her Marriage.—

His Advice was seconded by every Friend to *Clarinda*, to Honour, and to Virtue. They had a Meeting at  
her



her Father's House to consult on proper Methods concerning the Prosecution. The young Nobleman saw the charming *Clarinda*, and it is impossible to express his Surprize and Amazement. If from Report he thought her beautiful, he now believed her more than Woman, though she was greatly dejected by her present unhappy Circumstances and Distress.— It shocked his honest Soul when he reflected on the Injury she had received ; and he wondered, so many Charms of Person and Mind, were not sufficient to secure the false Deceiver, or at least restrain him from the Execution of his base Purpose. The reflecting on her fallen Condition, and the deep Sense she appeared to have of it, inspired him with a Love for her, rather than a Disgust. He painted to

his Mind the Happiness which must attend the Possession of so divine a Creature, and determined to make her his, notwithstanding what had happened. †

“ Good God,” cried *Arthur*, “ what an Angel! how I should love that Man if I knew him,”

The Gentleman smiled and continued the Story. “ This amiable young Nobleman did not look on these Things with a vulgar eye; he possessed an elevated Soul above the common Rank of Men. He thought it no Disgrace to marry a Woman under *Clarinda*’s Circumstances : nor did he imagine it any Reflection on his Character to relieve the Distresses of a worthy Object ; and above all, he was charmed with having it in his Power to deliver a tender fair one from the Contempt

tempt of the World, and inevitable Ruin; being sensible, the constant Acknowledgments Gratitude would teach her to make, would be one grand Motive towards their connubial Happiness.

He communicated his Intention to her Father, and asked his Permission to address *Clarinda*. The old Gentleman was greatly surpris'd, and received his Offer with Coldness, fearing it might prove the second Undoing of his unhappy Daughter; but considering his known Character, and conversing more fully with him on the Subject, every Doubt was removed, and he gave his Consent.—It was with great Difficulty that *Clarinda* was brought to listen to the Proposal. She was inclined to think the whole Sex false; nor could she easily shake from her Heart the Love and Esteem

Esteem she had entertained for *Florio*, notwithstanding his Perfidy and Baseness.

Her new Lover embraced every Opportunity of seeing and conversing with her.—By degrees she recovered her Spirits, and inclined to favour his Addresses. From every View he appeared a Man of Honour and Integrity, and one who scorned to take any Advantage of her Misfortune. He perpetually declared the Sincerity of his Heart, and his Affection for her, in such artless and honest Terms, that she was charmed with him, nor doubted his Honour; but though she listened to him with Pleasure, she received his Addresses with a becoming Prudence, and constantly represented to him the probable Consequences of his marrying a Person of her Fortune,  
and

and under such Circumstances: That it most likely would draw the Censures of the World on him, and be a Means of his losing the Favour and Friendship of his Relations at least.—This rather increased than abated his Affection, and in a little Time, he accomplished the Summit of his Wishes, and his kind Promises to her, by making her his Wife.

He is fond of her to an Excess, and her Love and Gratitude teach her to please and to esteem him; and in so doing, they lead such happy Lives as are the natural Rewards of the virtuous and benevolent, from the Dispensations of a gracious Providence. — Thus we see, when a generous Mind recompenses a Favour received, it is hard to know whether the Giver or Receiver enjoys the

the greatest Pleasure. Nor do I know a better piece of Advice for the Ladies than the Moral of this Story, which teaches them to be cautious whom they trust, since a fierce Love, caused by personal Charms, is too often attended with fatal Consequences : That the Passion arising from Beauty alone, generally deserves a much coarser Name than Love : That Caution and Modesty should be the Companions of their courting Hours ; and that the more they give before Marriage, the less they have to bestow after."



C H A P. VII.

*A Conversation, arising from Clarinda's Story, with some Remarks, that will not please every Reader : and many other Things that the Author cannot boast of.*

THE Music-master, having finished the Story, told the Company, that the amiable Couple, whose History he had related, were the Persons overturned in the Coach just before. The whole Company returned him Thanks, and *Arthur* in Raptures declared, that he did not know which to admire most, the Story, or his Observations and Manner of telling it.—“ Well, for my Part,”

Part," said the Lady, "I don't see any Thing very extraordinary in it; his Lordship had no very nice Taste, to marry another Man's Mistress, I might have said, *Whore*."——"Good God!" cried *Arthur*, "is it possible, for any one to have such narrow, despicable Notions!"——"Its my Notion," replied she, "and I'm sure I knows the World better than you do; 'twill be an eternal *Blotch* in his *Scutchin*."——"The World in general," said *Arthur*, "are very improper Judges of any Thing out of the common Road, for the Multitude seldom reason right: Pride, Custom, and mistaken Ideas, too generally, and too precipitately lead Mankind astray from the Path of moral Rectitude. By viewing Things through a false Mirror, we are too often prevented from doing a good Action, for Fear it will not meet  
with

with the Approbation of the World; but this Kind of Fear is ridiculous, and proceeds from Want of Judgment, or a true Knowledge of the human Heart; for I am convinced by what little I have seen and know, that we are not naturally so foolish, or so bad, as we make ourselves by a mistaken Conduct."

The Music-master caught *Arthur* by the Hand, and told him he revered his Understanding "I am intirely of your Opinion," said he, "the Examples of the World in general, or however, of the vulgar Herd of Mankind, are what no Man of Sense will be influenced by: Vice and Folly universally prevail, and are such powerful Enemies to Reason and to Virtue, that 'tis only with the thinking few, proper Distinctions are made. — All sensible and good  
Men,

Men, approve and applaud my Lord's humane and benevolent Disposition; and Happiness attends him, as the Reward of his Generosity."

The Coach was now arrived at *Egg-bam*, where it made its Stage to Breakfast. The fat Gentleman, with an Oath said he was glad on't, for says he, "I am confounded hungry."——The Passengers were shewn into a Room, and asked what they chose for Breakfast? "O, Tea and Coffee to be sure," said the Irish Officer. "Zouns," cries the fat Gentleman, "none of your Slops for me, bring in what cold Victuals you've got". "Aye," replied the Lady, "no Tea for me, so pray Fellow let me have some *foculut*." "Ma'am," replied the Waiter, "it is what we are so seldom asked for, I'm afraid we have none  
in

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in the House." "Then get some," cried she with a Bounce, "for I'll have nothing else." The Waiter bowed and retired, not a little alarmed at her Violence. "I'll have some," continued she, "because it will give the most Trouble; for these impurrent, insulent, Inn-keeping Folks, makes no Difference between common People and Gentlefolks; but I always makes them know the odds on't where I comes."

Tea and Coffee being brought in, the other four set down to it, while the Lady kept calling for her *Joculat*, till she was assured by the Waiter it was coming. The Remains of a Buttock of Beef was produced for the fat Gentleman, who, with the Assistance of a Jugg of Ale, made a shift to eat about two Pound; all the while running out in the Praises of  
the



the Beef, and exclaiming against Tea, and such Slops.

The Chocolate made its Appearance at last, and the Lady (after drinking a Quart at least) with great Composure said, she had made a pretty good Breakfast; adding, that *Foculut* was all the Taste 'mongst People of Fashion, and for her Part, she never drank any Thing else in a Morning. — If this good Lady had not been troubled with a short Memory, she might have recollected, how often she had regaled herself with her Dram Bottle during the Journey hither. —

Breakfast being over, the Coachman gave Notice for proceeding, upon which the Bill was called, and the Company made the usual Proposal of depositing a Guinea each, towards the Expences of  
the

the Journey, which was agreed to be put into the Hands of the fat Gentleman, he being the most respectable Person. He received the Commission with a Kind of Pleasure and Joy (which the Reader may probably see the Reason of by and by) and promised to be their faithful Steward and Purveyor. The Gentlemen refused to accept of the Lady's Guinea, saying, "it was hard if five Men could not treat one Woman;" but she insisted on paying her Share, adding, "that when Women accepted Favours of *Gem'men*, they would expect to have them returned; and for her Part, she valued her Character and her Vartue, and never suffered Men to take any Liberties with her." — The Musick-Master smiled, and assured her, she might be very easy on that Head, for he would answer for it, none of the Company

pany would attempt to take any Liberties with her.

Matters being settled, they again took their Places in the Coach, which set off and arrived at *Blackwater*, (the usual Place of dining) without any Thing material happening worthy the Notice of the Reader.

During Dinner, the fat Gentleman found Fault with every Particular of the Bill of Fare. Some Things were done too little, and others too much. The Fowls were over roasted, the Bacon too salt, and the Veal course; to which, he added, that it was the peculiar Excellence of Veal to cut *greenish*, none else being good. The rest of the Company were very well satisfied with the Entertainment, and though they thought he condemned

demned it without Occasion, they did not choose to contradict him, and therefore remained silent ; while he continued eating and grumbling ; all the Time cursing the Ignorance and Stupidity of Inn-keepers, their Cooks, and Attendants ; notwithstanding which, he ate six Times as much as any other Person in Company, concluding all, with a large Glass of Brandy.

As soon as the Dinner was over, and the Bill paid, our Travellers pursued their Journey. They had not gone far, before the fat Gentleman was fast asleep ; which being observed by the Lady, she spoke as follows. “ Well, for my Part, I wonders how People can be such Drones ; I was once plagued with just such another, God help me, always asleep ; fit for nothing in the World, but  
to

to teaze and torment one, like the grunting of Hogs, or the groaning of a Scotch Bagpipe, one might as well go to Bed with a Hog in a high Wind, or a Cow that has lost her Calf. But Heaven, was very kind to me, and took my sweet Creature to itself: Peace to his Soul, he was a Drone to be sure, not but he had some good Qualities. He let me have my Way; I did as I pleased, went where I pleased, and enjoyed what I pleased; and so I ought. Look you, Mr. *Barnabas*, I used to say, you love to sleep, I love to enjoy myself, and since I have little Pleasure with you at Home, it is but fitting I should seek it abroad; never say nay, I will be mistress: And so I always was. Odd's my Life, if Men study their own Pleasures, so should the Women; and if Men only marry for Convenience, and deny their Wives what is due to them, they



they are Fools if they don't search till they find it. That's my Maxum."

With this, and a great deal more, did the Lady entertain the Company, who were silent ; not chusing either to interrupt, or contradict her ; having experienced in the Morning, the Obstinacy of her Temper, and Violence of her Disposition. What is above recited, is sufficient to give the Reader an Idea of this good Woman's Character ; not, that the Company could form the least Notion of what, or whom she could be ; for amidst all this vulgar Conversation, she was perpetually talking of her Consequence, her Servants, and her Coach ; every now and then observing, that she was afraid she should catch her Death by travelling in such a Manner ; adding, that nothing but a Thing of the utmost

Importance, would have dragged her out in a vile Stage-Coach.

This good Lady, whom the Reader must admire, as the Picture of Chastity, Virtue, and every Thing that is amiable and excellent; appeared to be about fifty Years of Age, or rather somewhat more. She was a little out of Size, or what we generally term corpulent; and her beautiful Face, strongly indicated her great Familiarity with that said Brandy Bottle, which has been noticed some Time ago. Her Dress, was a motley Mixture of Oddities, principally good, but what appeared fit for those above her Rank and Condition, had they not been blended together with a glaring Impropriety.

The Days being short, at this Time of the Year, Night approached; and a  
tempestuous

tempestuous Night it was, for the Wind was high, and it rained with great Violence, to which we may add, that it was soon very dark.——The Lady blest herself, and expressed her Fears of Robbers; but as to this Point, she was somewhat relieved, by some of the Company observing, that the Weather was too bad for Highwaymen to turn out. Matters went quietly on for some Time, and all was silent, till on a sudden, the Coach overturned, by which Accident, the Passengers were tumbled over one another, in the greatest Confusion and Disorder. The Lady happening to be undermost, kept calling out that she was killed; which Noise, with the Violence of the Jolt, roused the fat Gentleman, who with a Groan, asked what the Matter was?

The Coachman and Postillion, soon came to their Assistance, and helped them out at the Window which was uppermost, assuring them, that the Accident would soon be put to Rights. A Farmer's Servant passing by at this Time with a Lanthorn, kindly offered his Service which was very acceptable; for though *Arthur*, the Music-master and the Scotchman, were alert and soon got out, it is doubtful how Matters would have ended in Respect to the other three, had it not been for the Light. It was with great Difficulty the fat Gentleman was hoisted out, and it was some Time before the little Irish Officer could be found; for Fear had taken such Possession of his martial Spirits, that he had encamped himself under the good Lady's Petticoats, nor was he easily persuaded to quit his Ambush; and when pulled  
up,

up, it was forely against his Will, for he was so strongly prepossessed of Danger, as to wring his Hands and beg for Life, like a Criminal when called to the Bar, for the Judge to pass Sentence of Death on him.

The Coach being emptied, was soon got up again, during which Time the Lady bewailed her unfortunate Situation; exclaimed against the Coachman for his Carelessness; and wished a thousand Times for her own Carriage. All the rest, bore their affliction with Patience, except the Irish Officer, who shivered with the cold, and with chattering Teeth, and broken Accents, declared the Rain would be the Death of him. "Good, lack-a-day," replied the Lady, "you're vastly afraid of yourself, if you had a



Grain of Humanity or Politeness, you would have offered me your Great-coat to have sheltered me from the Weather, who am a poor weak Woman. What would you do on a March, or in a Siege, with that Callico Carcass? Heaven defend me from such Milkfops! Were I a Man, I should fear nothing, but you seem as unfit for a Soldier, as I am to be Pope of Rome," "Come, come," cried the Coachman, "give o'er your wrangling, and take your Places that we may get on."

Matters being thus adjusted, they went forward, and arrived safe at *Basingstoke*

The Reader may perhaps think, we have been a little too particular, in relating

ing

ing the Circumstances of this Accident ;  
but, it is the Duty of an Historian, to be  
faithful, especially, when what he records  
is authentic.

## C H A P. VIII.

*The Company quarrel about the Supper.  
A Discovery, not much to the Credit  
of some Folks. With other Things of  
great Importance.*

AS soon as the Coach arrived, and our Travellers were shown a Room; the fat Gentleman declared, with an Oath, that nothing but a good Supper, a Pipe and a Bottle, would make amends for the late disagreeable Accident. The Lady seconded the motion, and said, it was high Time to recruit her Spirits, after the Fatigue she had undergone. "For my part," continued she, "I wish I mayn't be ravish'd

ravish'd amongst you, for I was never in such a situation before." To which she added many other things that are better imagined than brought to Public View, as they might probably destroy that good Opinion of the Lady's Modesty, which the Reader must otherwise have conceived.

The fat Gentleman went out, and on his Return said, he had ordered a Glorious Supper. The Company's Expectations were greatly raised by this Declaration, but what was their Astonishment when it came in, on beholding only a large Dish of Beef-stakes and Onions. The Lady scream'd as if a Ghost had appear'd, and said, it was only fit for Porters and Hackney Coachmen; and the little delicate Officer, swore it was Meat for the Devil.

“Zoons,” cried the Purveyor, “what a rout is here, if you don’t like it, you are not obliged to eat any; a Pox of your fine Stomachs, ’tis a Dish for a King.” “Of *Hottentots* then it must be,” replied the Officer. “Or *Hugonots* and *Muggletonians*,” said the Lady. “Well,” cried the fat Gentlemen, “you may exclaim as much as you will, but I shall fall to, without further Ceremony, so shift for yourselves and get what you like, I shall pay for nothing but what is here provided.” At this, they all star’d; the Lady and the Officer left the Room, but the rest being unwilling to dispute the Point, sat down to Supper, and were silent, while the Master of the Ceremony, ran out in Praise of this delicate Dish, and exclaimed against dainty Stomachs.

The



The Lady and the Officer, resented the Indignity offered them so highly, that they supp'd in a Room by themselves, and did not join the Company again that Night. The other four, regaled themselves after Supper, and then retired to their Chambers. In the Morning, when they were called to pursue their Journey, a terrible Outcry was heard, which proved to be a Quarrel between the Chamberlain of the Inn, and the Lady.

The Man (as is customary) had opened her Chamber-door, and informed her it was Time to rise, which she resented as a Piece of Immodesty; and as soon as she was dressed, pursued him into the Kitchen, repeating her Exclamations, which brought her fellow Travellers about her, not knowing what

what the Matter was. But unfortunately, while she was abusing the Man, he told her, “ he had not committed a Fault that he knew of; and if he had, he was sorry for it;” adding, “ *that if the Gentleman had given him a Hint, he should have known what to have done, for, for his Part, he never troubled his Head with such things.*” Here her fury rose, and she began to beat the poor Fellow with such Violence, that had not the Company interpos’d, it is doubtful, whether Murder might not have been committed.

By this Time, the Officer came down, and seeing the poor Chamberlain alarmed with what had happened, he drew his Sword, and swore he would murder the Rascal, for daring to offer such an Insult to a Lady.

This

This high Piece of Valour, had the Appearance of Cowardice, for he saw the poor Man in the Hands of *Arthur* and the *Scotchman*, who thought it best to take him away, in order to put an End to the Affair. The Coach was now ready, upon which, they all took their Seats, and set forward.

Now, it is much to be doubted, but the ill-natured Reader, for some such there are, will be putting a wicked construction on the above trifling affair; and suppose, or suspect, from what the Chamberlain said, that some Male Creature had been the Partner of the Lady's Bed, during the Night. The Invention is next to be tortured, to find out who it was. And those who are quick at Scandal, may take upon them to fix on the Officer, as the happy Man.

Confi-

Consider, gentle Reader, what you are about; judge not too precipitately; a Lady's Character is at stake, and who knows the Consequences. The Chamberlain to be sure, did say, "*That if the Gentleman had given him a Hint, he should have known what to have done;*" but what Conclusion can be drawn from this? Not, that a Gentleman slept with the Lady. And, again, the Expression of *the Gentleman*, did not imply, *what Gentleman*; so that I think it most charitable to conclude, that, *the Gentleman* was not the Irish Officer, and that *the Gentleman*, did not sleep with the Lady. Thus, by the help of a little Good-nature, we shall acquit them both. Besides, we may remember, that the Lady had signified her dislike of the Officer's Effeminacy, which had made him appear contemptible in the Eyes of the

Compa-

Company ; for which, we may reasonably suppose, he was not very ready to do her any kind Office. But then, they went out of the Room at Supper-time, and after supping by themselves, retired without joining their fellow Travellers any more, that Night. This must be granted, but the Reason for it has already been given. But Scandal has many Eyes, Ears and Tongues ; her Genius is inventive ; she is never at a Loss for a Story. So it happened here ; for, by what means I know not, nor with what Truth, but it was whispered, that after Supper, these good Folks became sociable, made up all Differences, and were very familiar. When I say *familiar*, I only mean, civil, good-natured, being unwilling that any false Interpretation should misrepresent the Case.

Thus



Thus you see, Reader, that nothing transpired which amounted to positive Proof, in respect to any criminal Conversation; Reports are but Reports, so that little Credit ought to be paid to them; especially in Cases, where the Characters of People are liable to suffer by them. I know not why it is, but common Observation convinces us of it daily, that we naturally delight in Scandal and Ridicule. They seem to make up a Part of our Composition. And I have met with many, who are so infatuated with an Opinion, that if two Persons of different Sexes, are particularly civil to each other, or (to speak more generally) are *familiar*, they must of course go to Bed together. The Absurdity of such an Opinion, might be easily refuted and exposed, with a small Stock of Philosophy; but as it is foreign  
to

to the Business of this History, I shall drop the Subject, and proceed to Matters of greater Importance.

The good Folks in the Coach, seemed all very agreeable one to another, and, if one might have judged by Appearances, this Day's Journey promised to turn out more happily than the last. But Mischief is ever on Foot, and had certainly pitched her Tent in this poor Coach. The Officer resumed the Affair which happened at the Inn, and every now and then vowed Destruction to the poor Chamberlain; while the Lady hung down her Head, and seemed to wish the Matter might be dropped. But, he still pursued his Discourse, by which it was easily seen, that he was apprehensive the Company suspected there was more in the Matter than they chose to declare, and  
this

this appeared to hurt his Vanity, from the Recollection, that the Lady had more the Appearance of a *Lyce* than a *Venus*. The more he endeavoured to remove their Suspensions, the more he convinced them of the Truth of what has been hinted at. This the good Lady was too sensible of, and was ready to burst with Vexation at his Folly, frequently peeping from under her Hat, to see what Judgment was to be formed from the Countenances of the Company, as to their Opinion of the Matter.

The *Scotchman* perceiving this, began to titter, and at last burst into an immoderate Laugh; which set the rest a laughing. The poor Lady saw that they laughed at her Expence, and was not any longer able to contain her Rage, but with a Violence not to be described, gave  
Battle

Battle to the North-Briton, who stood the Fray some Time, 'till the Repetition of her Blows, provoked him to pull her Cap off; upon which, she screamed out for Help, and fainted away: though the fat Gentleman was of Opinion it was only a sham Fit. However, *Arthur*, and the *Music-Master*, were less censorious, and more humane, and used their utmost Endeavours to restore her lost Spirits; which she soon recovered, when she found she was pitied and carested; but nothing tempted her to speak, or hold up her Head, during the Remainder of this Day's Journey, which ended at *Salisbury* as usual; and as nothing happened worthy Notice, except what has been related, we shall here put an End to this Chapter, which the Author imagines the Reader is heartily tired of.

## C H A P. IX.

*The Curiosity of the Reader is satisfied, respecting the Lady. The Coach is attacked by a Highwayman, and the Passengers robbed. Arthur quits the Coach, and his Reasons for doing so.*

**T**IS a strange Disposition, to Sport with the Miseries of others; and yet it is frequently practised: but we generally see Persons of this Turn of Mind, restless and insupportable, when under Affliction themselves. The Reason is obvious; they are brought to Reflection by Misfortunes, and standing self-condemned, add the Troubles of others



others to their own Distresses, and hereby increase the Burden of Affliction.

The *Scotchman* was instrumental in drawing the Laugh on the Lady; but an unlucky Accident turned the Tables, and made him sensible, that it was a nobler Disposition to pity, than to censure or condemn. As soon as the Coach arrived at the Inn, he had some Occasion to go into the Yard, and being a Stranger to the Place, tumbled into the Horse-pond, where he was near making his *Exit* before any one came to his Assistance. The deplorable Figure he cut, when brought into the Kitchen by the Ostler and the Coachman, is better imagined than related. His Companions were excited to Laughter by his Cries and Lamentations, and as for his good Friend the Lady, she pronounced

nounced it a Judgment on him, for his Barbarity to her.——

Trifling, as this Incident may appear, it will teach us this Lesson: that it is dangerous to make an Enemy of any one; for such is the Instability of human Affairs, that those we frequently despise and disregard, often have it in their Power to do us an Injury; and it sometimes happens, that we stand in Need of their Friendship and Assistance. But to return.——

The unfortunate Man, was struck with such a shivering, by having been so long in the Water, and his Spirits much depressed with the Apprehension of Danger, that it was judged advisable for him to go to Bed immediately; and the Landlady insisted, that it was necessary,  
in

in her Opinion, for the Gentleman to have a Doctor, for said she, “ who knows what may be the Consequence of such a fatal Disaster, and for my Part, I cannot answer it to my Conscience, to let the Gentleman lose his Life in my House for want of proper Assistance.” The Company smiled at her Simplicity, imagining, he had more Occasion for a Cook, than a Physician ; but the good Woman knew what she was about, better than they supposed she did.

A Doctor was sent for, or rather, a little pigmy Apothecary, who soon made his Appearance with an affected Air of Dignity and Importance. Without making the least Enquiry concerning the Danger of the Patient's Life, he stepped into the Bar, and held a Conversation  
with

with the good Woman of the House, who was overheard to demand her Fee of the Doctor, before he had received his from the Patient : but this it seems was their Method of Practice.

Matters being settled below Stairs, he next proceeded to the Patient's Chamber, who, by this Time, was in Bed. As he entered the Room, he strok'd his Chin, and compos'd the Muscles of his Face, as the necessary Prelude to Business : Walked to the Bed-Side, bowed, felt the Patient's Pulse, asked a few trifling Questions, fetched two or three deep Sighs, turned his Eyes towards the Tester of the Bed, and at last with a Groan, declared, it was a dangerous Case ; but added, that he hoped, with the Assistance of some nervous Drops, a narcotic Bolus, and a cordial Draught,  
the

the Patient would be in a fair Way of recovering in the Morning.

The Landlady lifted up her Hands, and blest the Doctor, declaring it as her Opinion, that he was the first Man in his Profession in the whole World; which Compliment he returned, by saying, the Gentleman was very happy in falling into such good Hands, for said he, "in all my Travels, I never met with a Person of greater Humanity, than Mrs. *Blowbladder*, and I am sure, was I to be ill, I should think myself half cured to be nursed by so good a Woman." For which, she thanked the Doctor with a Simper and a Court'iy, saying, she blest Heaven, she did the same for her Guests as for herself, and she never despaired of Success, while he was at Hand. He bowed and retired, and the Company went to Supper; which was hardly

VOL. I. F finished,



finished, before a mean-looking Man came into the Kitchen, and enquired if a *Woman* did not come *with* the Coach?—

“A *Woman*,” replied the Hostess, “yes, there is a *Gentlewoman* in the House, that came *in* the Coach.” Upon this the Fellow scratched his Ears, and said, “aye Mistress, but that can’t be the Person I want, for she’s no *Gentlewoman*; I want my Sister.” “Nay,” said the Landlady, “I know not who your Sister is, but there was but one *Gentlewoman* came *in* the Coach.” “That can’t be my Sister then,” said the Man, “for I’m sure she never rode in a Coach in her Life.”—However, the Landlady being willing he should be satisfied, conducted him to the Room, where the Travellers were at Supper.

As soon as they entered, the poor Man burst into Tears, and running up to the  
Lady,



Lady, cry'd, " Lord *Mary*, how d'ye do?" At which she started and turned pale, but recollecting herself, replied with some Warmth, " how came you here, you Fool?" " Why to meet you to be sure," cried he, " I've brought a Horse to carry you to Sister's." " A Horse," cry'd she, " a Horse, what does the Fellow mean? I shall ride no Horses indeed: Nor, do I know any Business you had to come, you great Booby." " What," said the Fellow, " arn't you glad to see me then, *Mary*?" " No, by my Faith," replied she, with some Warmth, in a pettish Manner, looking round to the Company, who were all Attention. " Ah! *Mary*," said he, " *London* will be the Ruin of you; what you're ashamed of your poor Relations, are you, because you're dressed in such Finery? It don't become you I'm sure,

and I wish it may be honestly come by. 'Tis well, if it holds."——It is impossible to describe the Confusion she was in, when he pronounced this last Sentence, or to paint the ridiculous Figure she cut. Had *Hayman*, or *Hogarth* been present, it would have afforded either of those Geniusses, an admirable Hint for a Picture.

It was some Time before the Violence of her Passion, and the Sense of Shame, would permit her to speak; but after an apparent Struggle, she broke out.—“Why you despicable Wretch, how dare you insult me thus, get out of my Sight, *Zekiel*, or I shall be the Death of you; do you know who I am, you Blockhead?”——“Yes, yes,” replied the poor Fellow, half dead with Amazement, “I know you well enough, the  
more

more is my Misfortune ; so keep your *London* Airs to yourself, and come along, or I shall go without you." "Go, to the Devil," cried she, "you Thickskull, and never let me see your Face again : would you were in your Coffin."——

"O," said he, "what you want us all dead, for fear we should disgrace you, do you ? 'Tis no Disgrace to be poor, that I know of, if we're honest. But you may'nt have your Wish so soon as you think. What would Father have said to have heard all this, had he been alive, poor Soul."——

"Alive ! alive !" replied she, with some Emotion, why, is my Father dead ?"——"Aye, poor Heart," said he, "Father is dead indeed. I should have sent you Word on't, but you know I can't write, and Sister said, it did not  
F 3 signify,

signify, as you was coming down."——

"Mercy on me!" said she, in a Flood of Tears, "where did he die?"—"Why in the Workhouse, to be sure," replied he, "where he had been these ten Years."——Here, Pride, more than real Sorrow, overpowered her, and she fainted away.——The Company stared with Amazement, at what they now heard, from a Recollection of what they had heard before of this good Woman.

There is an old Saying, that *the Devil sometimes owes us a basting*. It is in some of the Classics, but whether in *Persius*, *Juvenal*, or *Horace*, I cannot take upon me to say, nor is it very material where it is to be found, as it is generally known. The Truth of the above Remark, was never more fully  
verified,

verified, than in the present Case. Scarcely, had she recovered from her Delirium, before the Coachman made his Appearance. — “ So Mistress,” said he, “ I find you go no further with us, therefore please to pay me the Fare, and I hope you’ll give me somewhat handsome to drink, as you’ve rode all the Way in the Coach ; you’d have had a fine Time on’t in the Basket this Weather, if I’d had another inside Passenger.” — This was a second Blow, almost as bad as the first. “ What does the Fellow mean,” said she, “ by talking of my riding in the Basket ? I’ll never ride in your Coach again, depend on’t, for your Insolence.” “ That you sha’nt, if I can help it,” replied the Coachman, “ for I’ve too much Regard for my Coach and Horses, to carry such a Load again.” “ Peace, Fellow,” said  
F 4 she,

she, "take your Money, and go about your Business. What's your Demand?" "Why, Mistress," said he, "if you pay the whole Fare, as I think you ought, 'tis eighteen Shillings." — She laid down the Money, with an Air of Consequence and Contempt, which the Coachman received with a Sneer, and retired, well satisfied. Her poor Brother stared with Amazement, at seeing so much Money paid, for riding in a Coach, and seemed to think, it would have been most prudent for her, to have travelled in the Machine, with six Horses at full Length, commonly called a Waggon.

This Matter being settled, she prepared to decamp, by giving her Brother what belonged to her, to carry; when *Arthur* observed, that, as the Lady did not go through the Journey to *Exeter*, it was



was but right, that she should have some of her Guinea returned, which was deposited to defray the travelling Charges. To this the fat Gentleman replied, "not a Souce, the Lady might if she pleased, pursue the Journey, and partake of it," and with an Oath, declared, "he would not refund a Groat." The Lady, had been too much let down, to take up the Matter, and therefore left her Companions, without making any Reply, or passing the least Civility, save only a Court'sy. —

Supper being over, *Arthur* retired to his Room, where, before he went to Bed, he wrote a Letter to his beloved *Louisa*, in which, in the tenderest Manner, he recommended her supporting his Absence, with Patience and Resignation; at the same Time assuring her, of his

eternal Love, Faith, and Constancy. He also wrote to Mr. *Goodall*, soliciting him to use his Endeavours with his Father, to obtain some certain Account of the Cause of his Banishment. This renewed his Troubles, and he wept bitterly the greatest Part of the Night.

When the Gentlewoman, who had made no small Noise in the House, withdrew with her Brother, she was accosted in the Kitchen, by a Rider to a London Trader, who knew her; and who, after her Departure, informed the Landlady, and the By-standers, that she was a Person of Note in her Way, and carried on a great deal of Business in the *Never-failing Trade*. — As the Reader, may not be acquainted with this Term, and in order to satisfy Curiosity, may be puzzled to find it in the List of Occupations.

set

set forth in *Stowe*, or *Maitland*; it may be necessary to explain ourselves more explicitly. —

The *Never-failing Trader*, is a Person, who generally keeps a *Mock-Milliner's Shop*. The Caps and Ribbons in the Window, are not the Baubles to be disposed of, being only a Kind of sham License for vending a very different Article. 'Tis a Kind of Livery Stable for *Filles de Joye*, of various Properties and Qualities; who may be hired by the Day, the Night, or the Hour, from one Pound to one Shilling, according to the Circumstances, Necessities, or Dispositions of the Customers. In plain Terms, a B—wdy House. —

In the Morning, when the Coach was ready to set off, the half-drowned Scotch-  
man,

man, found himself incapable of pursuing the Journey, or, however imagined so, from what the Doctor and the Landlady had said to alarm his Fears; so that he was left behind to be made the Prey of these two Sharpers. So much for the Midshipman; who, through his national Interest, at this Time predominant in Great-Britain, had obtained a Commission in the Navy; for which he was as well qualified as the Irishman, for the Army; who had risen to Preferment, through the Interest of a Female Friend, that had the Honour of being Chambermaid to the Lady of a late Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

Between *Salisbury* and *Woodyate*, the Coach was stopped by a Highwayman, who robbed the four Passengers; they think-

thinking it impolitic to refuse parting with their Money to a Person, who presented a Pistol. — The Officer wished for a Blunderbuss that he had at Home, declaring he would have disputed the Point, and talked most courageously, — after the Highwayman rode off. *Arthur* was silent; — the Music-master said, “though he had given him all he had, it was but trifling, nor did the Loss of it signify much, as he was known on the Road.” The fat Gentleman told them, he had escaped the best, for said he, “I always carry a Purse with me on a Journey, containing nothing but a few counterfeit Guineas, which pass off very well, as these Sort of Gentry seldom have Time to examine the Goodness of Money.”

The

The Arrival of the Coach at *Wood-yate* was an unlucky Circumstance to our Hero, for he had lost every Shilling, and this was the Place where the second Payment of the Coach Fare, was to be made. He therefore determined to proceed no farther, till he had wrote to his Friend Mr. *Goodall*, and got a fresh Supply, not doubting, but he should be able to get Credit at this Place for a Support, till it arrived. The only Person in Company, who had Money, was the fat Gentleman; and *Arthur* was of Opinion, that had he applied to him for Assistance, there was little Hope of Success, as he was an intire Stranger; and being unacquainted with the Nature of these Things, was too modest to make an Attempt. So when the Coach went off again, he declined going any farther,



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ther, and took Leave of the Company ; though not without some Abuse from the Coachman, who said he understood he was going to *Exeter*.

## C H A P. X.

*A Sketch, at the Character of Inn-keepers.  
The State of the Nation considered; and  
the Arrival of an unexpected Acquaintance.*

**A**RTHUR told the Master of the House, that he should have occasion to stay there a few Days, and requested the Favour of a Lodging and Entertainment, for which, he said, he would pay whatever should be required. The Landlord look'd earnestly at our Hero, and seeing his large Chest on the Table, shewed by his Countenance, that he imagined the Contents of it would be a sufficient Security for a few Days  
Board

ARTHUR O' BRADLEY. 113

Board and Lodging; (not that it is known he suspected *Arthur's* Want of Money) and after bidding the Ostler carry the Gentleman's Chest up Stairs, told him, he should be glad of his Company as long as he chose to stay. This Assurance, however, somewhat relieved poor *Arthur's* Mind, under his present distressed Situation, who determined, by the first Post, to write to Mr. *Goodall*.

In the Evening, for Want of Company, he sat by the Kitchen Fire, where he was entertained with the Conversation of the Exciseman of the Place, an Apothecary and a Blacksmith. The Topic was Politics. The Doctor gave it as his Opinion, that the Constitution was in a declining State, being quite emaciated with a galloping Consumption,

tion, which had so irritated and reduced the vital Springs of the whole Body, that a speedy Dissolution must ensue; unless some abstergent Medicine could be found out, that would at once Discharge the morbid Matter, which lay concealed in the capillary Vessels, destroying the Power of muscular Motion, by relaxing the astringent Quality of the Ligaments of the Officles; or intirely eradicate those Legions of putrified Animalcules, which corrupted the sanguinary System. But this, says he, will not be effected, I am afraid, not even by a Conglomeration of the multifarious Particles of the whole Materia Medica."

*Arthur* could not help smiling at this Rhapsody of Nonsense; which this Paracelsus observed, and addressing himself

to our Hero, said, " You seem to smile young Man, but if you was as well skilled in these Matters, and had studied *intemperately* for forty Years, as I have done, you would *conciliate* with me in the Truth of what I have advanced, which I am not ashamed to *proclaimate* to all the World."

" That you need not," cried the Landlady, " for you're the *larnedest* Man in all these Parts, not excepting the Parson, who has no share with you in *argusying*. O, you're a charming Man, I love to hear you, you talk with so much Reverence." " You say right, Neighbour," replied the Apothecary, (raising his Head with a Simper of Approbation on the good Woman's Adulation) " I have Learning, I have Parts, I have Powers, and they shall be known shortly ;

shortly ; I must save my sinking Country, if I can, lest we all become Slaves to *barbitary* Power, and so be obliged to turn *Papishes*."

" Surely, Master Doctor," said the Exciseman, " things are not so bad as that, are they ? " " They are, Mr. Gager, I assure you," replied the Doctor. " Good Heavens ! " cried the Officer, wringing his Hands, " what will become of me and my poor Family, if that's the Case ? For you know, Sir, no *Papishes* can be Excisemen."

" Have Patience Neighbour," said the Doctor with great gravity, " all may be well yet.—I will explain the matter to you.—I look upon this Nation in the Light of a Waggon."——

" What, a Broad-wheel'd one Master ? "

cried



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cried the Blacksmith. "No Matter what Wheels the Waggon has, that don't signify much, so hold your Peace, Friend, and don't interrupt me. I say, the Nation is a Waggon, for instance, a broad-wheel'd one if you please; and let it for Argument sake be a very large one. Well, what then? May not this Waggon be so overloaded as to break down? That must be granted." "No, that I deny," said the Blacksmith, "if she runs on Iron Axle-trees, for they may be made to bear any Weight." "You are a Fool," said the Doctor in a Passion, "and have no more Brains than your Anvil. Therefore, once more, don't interrupt me. The Waggon, I say, may be overloaded, the Wheels clogg'd, and so sunk in the Mire, as not to be moved; whereupon, the Ponderosity of the Burden encreases, and  
down

down we go, never to rise again. But, I hope, the Case is not yet so bad, but a Remedy is at hand.—I have one, I believe, that some Folks little think of, which will set all Things to rights again very shortly. — 'Tis here, (pointing to his Forehead) this is the secret *Harcanum*! I have, Gentlemen, a narcotic, emetic, cathartic, diuretic, diaphoretic Mixture, which I intend to administer to the Heads of the Nation, confident, that it will produce a radical Cure.”

The Arrival of a Stranger in a Post-Chaise put an End to this Discourse. As soon as he came in, he asked the Landlord if he would give him House-room and Entertainment, for, said he, “I have just been robb’d and am pennyless.” The Landlord surveyed him, and did not readily give him an Answer,  
but

but calling his Wife, and giving her a Wink, said, " We are all full Mistrefs, an't we, I don't think we can take the Gentleman in; poor Gentleman, he has been robb'd juft now, and has loft all his Money." " O, no," cried the Wife, " I have not a Room, or a Bed to spare, was it for the King, I wifh I had, for it is our Bufinefs to accommodate Gentlemen if we can, but when we're full, we're full, that's all I can fay."

" God blefs me," faid the Gentleman, " I'm in an odd Situation, for I have no Money to pay the Chaise, and 'tis too late to go on to *Blandford*, if the Horfes were able." " Aye, Master," faid the Post-Boy, " fo it is, and I affure you, I fhall't kill my Horfes for any one." " Well," faid the Gentleman to the Landlord, " you fee my  
Distrefs,

Distress, I have a Gold Watch, which the Highwayman did not take, will you lend me some Money on it to carry me forward, to some Place where I can be accommodated ? ” Saying this, he pull’d out a very handsome Watch, which the Landlord ey’d with some Degree of Pleasure, and turning to his Wife, said, “ Why you see how Matters stand with the poor Gentleman, and it would be cruel not to help the Unfortunate, so Wife, let us see if we can’t make up a Bed.” “ If you can,” said the Traveller, “ I shall be obliged to you, and will redeem my Watch in a few Days on my Return.” “ Well,” replied the Landlady, taking the Watch from the Gentleman, “ I’ll do my best ; God forbid, I should not be so much of a Christian, as not to help People in Distress, the Gentleman shall have a  
Bed,

Bed, if we sit up ourselves, for it is a dismal Night abroad, not fit for a Dog to be out in ; so pray sit down Sir, I'll make things as comfortable to you as I can." The Gentleman thank'd her, and joined the Company by the Fire side.

However these good People might boast of their Humanity, or Christianity, had not the Gentleman produced the Gold Watch, he might have sought a Place of Shelter, notwithstanding the badness of the Night ; for to speak the Truth, they had not one Room engaged, nor one Bed taken, but what *Arthur* was to lay in, for the Apothecary, Exciseman and Blacksmith, were Neighbours, only come there to regale themselves with a Cup of Ale, after the Fatigue of the Day.

The Gentleman's Business was but just settled, before another Person arrived on Foot; whom the Landlord saluted, by saying, "What Master *Caleb*, how d'ye do? I'm glad to see you!" As soon as he came forward towards the Fire side, he started back with Amazement, and after looking stedfastly at *Arthur*, ran to him with great Eagerness, and taking him by the Hand, cry'd out, "God bless me, Mr. *Arthur*, how came you at this Part of the World?" *Arthur* was somewhat surprized with this Salutation, and highly pleased to meet so unexpectedly with an old Acquaintance and Schoolfellow, especially as he had not seen him some Years.

This Meeting gave great Pleasure to both Parties, who, for a Time, seem'd  
to



to strive which should outdo the other with Expressions of Friendship, Civility and Good-nature. Certain it is, that Friendships established in the early Part of Life, make strong Impressions, and are generally most permanent and lasting. *Arthur's* Curiosity led him to make an Enquiry into the Circumstances and Situation of his old Acquaintance, which the other promised to entertain him with, as soon as he had refreshed himself; for which purpose, they withdrew from the Kitchen to a Room by themselves, where, after Supper was over, Mr. *Caleb* related his History; which the Reader will find in the next Chapter.

## C H A P. XI.

*In which Mr. Caleb relates his History.  
The Character of the British Roscius vindicated. Arthur pursues his Journey.*

“**Y**OU may remember, my dear Friend,” said Mr. Caleb, “That, on the sudden Death of my Father, I left the School and you; and I declare with the greatest Sincerity, that I know not which gave me most Concern, the Death of an indulgent Parent, or the loss of a Friend, who from my Infancy I dearly lov’d: For I really think, that my Regard for you, was almost equal to the Duty I ow’d my Father. He, dying without a Will, I became subjected to  
the

the distant Friendship of a Mother-in-law ; who had it not in her nature to be kind to any one but herself. This Principle, soon led her to look on me with an evil Eye ; and considering me, not only as an Incumbrance to her, but an Obstacle in her Way, that might be a bar to a second Marriage, I was soon sent into Somersetshire, to a distant Relation of her's, where, Poverty and severe treatment, were the only Prospects I had before me. Here I experienc'd a Variety of Wretchedness, wanting almost the common Necessaries of Life, and what added to my Distress, was being separated from thee, without your knowing whither I was banished, or, I able to procure so much as the Means of enabling me to acquaint you with my Situation, till, I concluded, I was forgotton ; and therefore thought it in vain to renew

an Acquaintance, which at the Distance I was from you, could not easily be kept up, had I been certain you was alive. To add to the Distress of Mind this Consideration brought upon me, I had soon the Misfortune to find, my cruel Mother-in-law had married again, to one, who sought her Acquaintance in order to make a Property of her; which he soon did, by collecting together all my Father's Effects, which were considerable, and leaving her in a Situation almost as wretched as what I experienc'd, by retiring without her Knowledge to Ireland his native Country.

Soon after this Event happened, as she was unable to afford that little Sum allowed for my maintenance, I was turn'd out of Doors to sink or swim, just as Fortune should please to favour me:

Robb'd,

Robb'd, and plunder'd, as I may say, of my Birth-right. I was now full fourteen Years of Age, capable of doing many Things, had I known where to find a Friend for Protection; but the despicable Plight I was in, in respect to Cloaths, render'd me the Object of Scorn and Contempt, to Nineteen out of Twenty.

In this Condition, I begg'd my Way to Bristol, with a Design to proceed to London, in order to find out my Mother-in-law, or some Friend that might have Humanity enough to give me Assistance. On my Arrival at Bristol, half dead with Hunger, and the Fatigue of travelling, I ask'd Charity of a Person passing by; he enquired who I was, and said, it was a Pity such a Lad should beg in the Streets. I told

him the Necessity I was under of doing it. He bid me follow him to a public House hard-by, which I did with great Joy; praying every Step I went, it might be the Introduction to a Change of Fortune. When I arrived, the Person smiled upon me, and after making me relate my History, told me, he wanted a Servant, and that if I would serve him and be faithful, he would employ me.

These were Words of Comfort to my despairing Soul, and I fell on my Knees before him, in Duty to Heaven, and Gratitude to my Benefactor. The Joy I felt at this Moment, is too mighty for Words to paint. He order'd the Master of the House to take Care of me, and to give me some Food, the greatest Blessing he could bestow upon me at that Time."——

“ God



“ God blefs him for it,” cry’d *Arthur*,  
in a Flood of Tears !

“ The next Morning,” continued Mr. *Caleb*, “ he had me cloath’d, and then told me, I muſt go with him to Wales ; which I conſented to, with Chearfulneſs and Pleaſure. On my Arrival, I found my Maſter was the Manager of a Company of Players, which at that Time I thought a pleaſing Employment. I ſerv’d here, in the Capacity of Footman, Scene-ſhifter, Candle-ſnuffer, and I know not how many Capacities beſides : But I liv’d well, and was happy. — As I grew up, my Maſter ſaw I was not deſtitute of Genius, and inſtructed me in the Art of Acting, in which I ſoon made ſome Figure ; was taken Notice of, and applauded. This answer’d his Purpoſe, and for a

Time I was his Favourite. But, as I grew older, I found I was linked with a Set of Men, of dissolute, licentious Principles; whose Lives, were a Scene of Dissipation and Distress.

The Manager was a Tyrant, preying upon the Exigencies of his People, and starving them to enrich himself. His Shares, for having the Direction of the Company, Cloaths, Scenes, &c. which were his Property, and acting himself; engross'd the greatest Part of what we got, so that we were a Set of Beggars, rul'd with a high Hand by an avaricious, despotic Monarch.

As my Understanding encreas'd with my Years, it encreas'd my Anxiety and Distress of Mind, not only for myself, but my Fellow - Sufferers, but as we  
had

ARTHUR O' BRADLEY. 131

had no alternative, Necessity oblig'd us to submit. This is my present Situation; a Situation, so deplorable, as to be beneath the notice of Envy. —

However, I have made myself so useful, that I am held in Esteem, by the Manager, and have the Happiness to please wherever I perform, so that my Benefits generally exceed the Rest in point of Profit, which gives me Pleasure in this Respect, that I have it in my Power, to assist those among us, who are frequently in Distress.

The Company is now at a neighbouring Town not far from this Place, and what brought me here to Night, was, my having been round the Country with Tickets to the Gentry, for my Benefit, which is To-morrow Night. But, how happy am I my dear old School-fellow, to find you thus accidentally,

cidentally, after so long a Separation, and such a Series of Distress as I have experienced."

*Arthur* was deeply affected with *Mr. Caleb's* Narration, and with some Emotion, said, "what is Life, if we reflect on the Vicissitudes of Fortune we are liable to? I tremble with Apprehension! Good God! Why do the guiltless suffer? Is it to teach them the true Value of Happiness, that they may see the Necessity of securing the invaluable Blessing? Certainly it is so. For, otherwise, the Misery we see in the World, can neither be justified, or accounted for."

"I am of your Opinion, my Friend," said *Caleb*, "Affliction, and Adversity are the best Instructors; they teach us to  
make

make proper Distinctions, and arm the thoughtless and inexperienced, against the Violence of inordinate, lawless Passions, and the delusive Temptations of Vice."

"You seem, my Friend," said *Arthur*, "to be dissatisfied with your Situation in Life, which, according to your Account, is indeed, no very desirable one; I am therefore astonished, that you have not tried to extricate yourself from it; which, to me, appears to be an easy Task."—"Why," said the other, "I have of late been considering of various Methods to accomplish it, but the Prospect before me, seems difficult to approach. I have several Times determined to visit the Capital, and try my Fortune there; but have been dissuaded from it, by an Assurance, that I should fail in the Attempt,



Attempt ; notwithstanding, I have been told, many worse Performers than myself, have, and do succeed. The Difficulty of getting on either of the London Stages, is beyond Description, for I am informed, that, at one of the Theatres in particular, the principal Manager is a great Actor himself, and therefore, does not chuse to encourage Merit or Genius, for fear they should eclipse his own Glory."

"You are misinformed, be assured," said *Arthur*, "I have been a great Frequenter of the Theatres, and know the Genius and Disposition of our modern *Roscus* too well, to suppose him capable of such mean Artifice. He is the Patron of Merit, and the Nurse of Genius, whenever he meets with them, however disguised they may appear at the first View.

To



To him, the British Theatre, is indebted for most of its Improvements; and to him, the present Generation of Actors owe all their Knowledge and Excellence. Yet all this, has not been sufficient to secure him from the Slander and Malevolence of envious Persons; who traduce his Character, because they are incapable of equalling his Perfections."

"The Science of acting (for I think it should be considered as one) is not easily attained; Genius is the Gift of few;—scarcely one *Garrick* is born in a Century; and it requires great Knowledge, and some Degree of Excellence to form even a secondary Actor. — Nineteen out of twenty, who attempt the Stage, fail of Success, for Want of the essential Qualifications; and whenever this is the Case, they are unwilling to suppose, that  
the

the Defect is in themselves, and hence ascribe it to Causes, that are neither just, or generous. However, let not these Things damp your Resolution, go and offer yourself; but with this Resolution, to stand or fall, as this great Master pronounces his Opinion. If he rejects you, be wise, and rest satisfied; nor foolishly, as I have known many do, persist in Impossibilities: And condemn not his Judgment, but attribute it to your own Imperfections; for be assured, his Knowledge is too extensive, to render him liable to be mistaken. The vain Fool, and the undiscerning Idiot, frequently meet with his Disapprobation, and hence, take Occasion to rail, which may have furnished Slander with Materials for Defamation; but these Things will have little Weight with the discerning few, who know his Worth and Excellencies.—

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If he should find you are deserving, and to have Abilities, he will promote and protect you : And notwithstanding, the Public know good acting, and the Merits of a Performer, better in this Age, than in former Times, yet, such is their Generosity of Temper and desire to encourage even the humblest Attempt of Genius, that they are indulgent beyond Expectation; slow to Censure, but eager to applaud. Such is the Disposition of a British Audience."

The Hopes and Expectations of *Caleb*, were greatly raised by the Assurance of having a fair Chance, whenever he should make a Trial; which he determined to do, as soon as he could save Money enough to convey him to London, with Reputation, and support him 'till he should be able to try his Fortune.---

He

He now enquired into the Affairs of our Hero, who made him acquainted with every particular, concluding with the late Robbery, and the Reason of his being found at that Place. *Caleb* immediately blessed Heaven, that he had thus accidentally fallen in his Way; and told him, though he was a poor Player, he had it in his Power to give him Assistance; which he would do, to the last Shilling. *Arthur* thanked him with great Gratitude, but declined it, as he knew he could have a Supply from Mr. *Goodall*, and feared that an Acceptance of *Caleb's* Offer, might distress him. But *Caleb* was not to be persuaded from his Purpose; so that *Arthur* was obliged to comply. However, he could not be prevailed on, to take more, than would barely supply him on his Journey, from this Place, to his Friend's in *Devonshire*, whither he determined

mined to travel on Foot, though greatly against the Advice of *Caleb*.

In the Morning, *Arthur* discharged his Lodging, ordering his Chest to be sent after him by the first Waggon, and pursued his Journey, not without parting with *Caleb* with some Regret; who wept very much, but comforted himself, that he should see him again soon, as the Company were to make the Circle of *Devonshire*.



## C H A P. XII.

*A Digression. An Account of a Hermit,  
with an odd Accident, which introduces  
two new Characters.*

**A**RTHUR travelled some Miles,  
with great Eagerness and Plea-  
sure, not a little delighted with being  
able to pursue his Journey. The adora-  
ble *Louisa* was the Subject of his  
Thoughts and Contemplation; in which  
he enjoyed a Reverie of Heart-felt Rap-  
ture. What a vivific Cordial to the  
animal Spirits, is that divine Passion,  
Love. When once it takes Possession  
of our Breasts, it dispels the very Idea  
of every Thing low, mean, gross, or  
unge-



ungenerous; we become as it were, new Creatures, exalted by a refining Power, that gives the Heart to know the pleasing Sensations of extatic Bliss, and hence anticipates the Joys of Heaven. But to return.——

Being a Stranger to the Road, he by some Accident missed his Way, and got into a Wood; where after having travelled some Time, he perceived his Mistake, and Night coming on, became distressed with an Apprehension, that he should be obliged to remain there, without either Food or Shelter; but just as he was condoling with himself on this Accident, he saw a venerable old Man cross the Path before him, to whom he called, and enquired concerning the Road. “ You must have strangely mistaken your Way,” said the Stranger,

Stranger, “whithersoever you are going, for you are many Miles out of any public Road, this Place being unfrequented by any one, except myself and the neighbouring Peasants. Were it not almost Night, I would direct you through the Wood to the public Road, but it will at this Time be almost impossible for you to find it, nor do I know of any House of Entertainment within seven Miles of the Place. You had therefore, better go with me, and pursue your Journey in the Morning. I have an humble Tenement hard by, which though a lonely Hut, yet it's Door is ever open to the bewilder'd and benighted Traveller. Follow me, and rest satisfied; a lowly Friend, is better than none at all; a thatched Hovel may give Content, though it cannot entertain with the splendid Feast  
of

of Luxury, the jocund Voice of Mirth,  
or the delusive Pleasures of riotous In-  
temperance.

*Arthur* was surpris'd and pleas'd ; and  
as he had no Apprehensions of Danger  
from the Appearance of the old Man,  
followed him through many Windings  
and Turnings, where scarce appeared  
the Mark of Footsteps ; till at last they  
arrived at a small Hut surrounded with  
a Groupe of Trees. " This," said the  
Stranger, " is my Habitation ; abject  
in Appearance, yet it is the Mansion of  
Peace and Happiness ; here I have lived  
full thirty Years, and here I hope to  
spend the short Remainder of my Days,  
undisturbed by the tumultuous Affairs  
of the busy World, and secure from the  
Envy and Treachery of deceitful Men.  
Distressed as you were, young Man, by  
the

the Approach of Night and bewildered Situation, I should not have ventured to have brought you here, had not your Countenance bespoke you a Youth of Innocence, unacquainted with Guilt, and unhackney'd in the Ways of Men. One Thing I beg of you, never betray my Situation to any one after you leave this Place, for I do not chuse to be disturbed, not even with the Impertinence of Curiosity." So saying, he conducted *Arthur* into the Hermitage, for such it really was.

This sequestered Habitation, was built with the Roots of large Trees, piled up on one another with very little Order or Regularity, and covered with matted Boughs and Straw, forming a Kind of Thatch. The whole consisted of two small Rooms with one latticed Window each ;

each; in the Centre, was a small grated Door, that led to a Kind of Passage between the Rooms, at the End of which was a large Block of Wood, that supported an antique Bible, and a few other Books of Devotion. In one of the Rooms was a Straw Couch, serving the Purposes of a Bed, and in the other a few Necessaries for the Means of Life's Existence. Over the Door was carved in large Characters, this Sentence, *I have seen an End of all Perfection: And thy Commandments are exceeding broad.*—Near the Front of the Hermitage, ran a small Rivulet, constantly supplied by a neighbouring Waterfall, whose solemn Sound, rais'd in the Mind a pleasing Kind of Melancholy, that seemed to inspire a reverential Awe for the great Creator.



The Hermit struck a Light and made a Fire, after which he set forth some Provisions for Supper, at the same Time assuring *Arthur*, that, though the Fare was homely, he was welcome to partake of it.

After the Repast was over, the Hermit made some Enquiry of *Arthur*, respecting who, and what he was, and whither he was going? Which oblig'd him to relate his History; at the Conclusion of which, the Hermit wept, and said, "Child of Misfortune! for such you are at present, take an old Man's Advice. You are young, you have not yet experienc'd the Difficulties that attend the Journey through Life. Man was design'd by his all-wise Creator for Happiness; but, such is the Depravity of human Nature, that we often defeat this  
great



great Design, by a Partiality to ourselves, and a total Disregard for the good of others: so that, we destroy our own Happiness, by an Opinion, that the good of Society is not an Object worthy our Attention; whereas, the very Basis of our own Happiness cannot be raised without we consult the Happiness of those around us. This Partiality to ourselves, is the Spring of all our Unhappiness and Misfortunes. Hence, we become jealous, envious, treacherous, base, and mischievous, one to another; till Ruin, Misery, and a Life of wretchedness, generally sets a Seal on all our Actions. Therefore, young Man, let the miserable Miscarriages of others, teach you to shun their Steps; endeavour, while you consider your own Welfare, to promote the Happiness of your Fellow-creatures, for in so doing, you will

secure your own Happiness. Let Virtue be the Guide of all your Actions; for when you quit her Paths, you wander in Uncertainties, and probably, when you think yourself secure from Danger, you may be on the brink of Ruin. Steer your Bark by Virtue's Compass, so shall you avoid those Rocks and Quicksands, on which Millions have perished."——

Scarcely had the Hermit finish'd this Sentence, before a Voice was heard from without, crying, "For Heaven's Sake, if you are Christians, come out to the Assistance of a wretched Mortal." "Good God!" said the Hermit, rising from his Seat with great Emotion, "what can have brought you to this solitary Place, where for some Years I have not seen the Face of any human Being? Heavens!

vens! Shall I at last be forc'd to leave my happy Mansion, where I so long have liv'd without being disturbed? However, be you Friend or Foe, my Ears are open to the Voice of Wretchedness, and my Heart inclines to take Compassion on you: Enter," — "O no," answered the Voice, "I want your Aid to save a helpless Woman, now in the Hands of Robbers, Ravishers and Murderers: Follow me with Speed, lest your Delay, should prove the Ruin of Innocence and Virtue." — "Lead on then," said the Hermit, "Old as I am, I am not yet dead to the Calls of lovely Woman in Distress, come what may, the Cause is just, and I have no Fear about the Consequence or Danger of the Enterprize." So saying, he took up his Staff and went with the Stranger, followed by *Arthur*.

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They had gone but a few Paces, before they heard a female Voice begging for Life, and as they approached, they heard a Man say, "*Yield or you die.*" Scarcely were the Words pronounced before *Arthur* leaped forward, and catching one of the Villains by the Throat, levelled him with the Ground. The feeble Hermit, made strong by the Thought of Virtue's being in Distress, fetch'd a second down with his Staff, and a third fled; the Gentleman with great Eagerness ran to the Lady, and taking her in his Arms, carried her from the Spot where she lay, almost expiring, so much had her Fears got the better of her Senses; and it was some Time before she could be made to understand, that she was rescued from the Hands of the Robbers. When she recovered, and found herself safe, her Sur-  
prize

prize and Joy were unutterable, and her Spirits were so overcome, that she fainted away. — “ Good God !” said the Gentleman in a Flood of Tears, “ her Spirits are so over-powered, that she is unable to support herself, and I fear she has breathed her last ! If she revives not, I am the most miserable Creature existing.” “ Come, Sir, do not despair,” said the *Hermit*, “ she is not dead I hope, let us convey her to my Habitation, where every Assistance I can give you, shall be at your Service.” The Gentleman thank'd him on his Knees, and begging *Arthur* to help him, they carried her between them ; the *Hermit* going before to lead the Way ; praising God, for thus providentially enabling him to assist and relieve the Distressed.



When they arrived at the Hermitage and carried the Lady in, she recovered, and there being a Light, she look'd round, and seeing the Gentleman, fell into his Arms, crying, "Where am I? do I once more behold my dear Husband, is he safe, and are we out of Danger? Sure this is not a Dream, nor is any thing to be fear'd from those I now see."—"O my Love, my Life," said the Gentleman! "Fear nothing, it is all real, we are safe, we are safe. These good Men have been your Deliverers, we shall again be happy." The Lady look'd round, and bowing with Respect and Gratitude, said, "Then Heaven has heard my Prayers; I am rescued from the Hands of brutal Ravishers, and my dear Husband, whom I supposed kill'd, is, graciously restored to me." Here she wept for Joy, the  
Gen-

Gentleman wept, and so did *Arthur* and the *Hermit*. Never were four People more affected, or their Hearts overflowing with greater Gratitude and Reverence to Heaven.

The *Hermit* then gave them some Refreshment, and proposed, that the Lady should afterwards retire to the other Room, and accept of his Couch in the room of a Bed, as her Spirits wanted Rest; which she readily embraced being greatly fatigued. The Gentleman was obliged to sit up with *Arthur* and the *Hermit*, for want of Room, which he said he should do with Chearfulness, so that his Wife could repose herself. —

The Lady retir'd, taking Leave with great Respect, and many Expressions of Heart-felt Gratitude.

## C H A P. XIII.

*Containing a wonderful Discovery.*

AS soon as the Lady retired, the Hermit begged the Gentleman would inform him, by what Accident he and his Wife fell into the Hands of the Villains, and especially in that Place, so remote from the public Road.—The Gentleman readily complied, and began as follows. —

“You must know Gentlemen, that we were returning from the West of *England*, where we had been to Visit a Relation of my Wife’s, and were benighted, owing to the badness of the Roads.

Roads.—On a sudden, the Post-chaise stopped, and two Men came to the Windows and demanded our Money, which we gave them ; my Wife happening to scream with the Fright, one of the Men said, there's a Lady in the Chaise, let us have her, and take her along with us. This was no sooner proposed, than agreed to. All my Entreaties were fruitless; they dragged her out of the Chaise, threatening instant Death if she resisted. I jump'd out, and attempted a Rescue, but found I was unable to cope with three Russians, for by this Time, a third appeared. They bid me get into the Chaise, and pursue my Journey, while it was in my Power ; and added, that if I chose to return in the Morning, I might have my Wife again. Judge my Distraction ! I again attempted a Rescue in my Despair, was knocked down, and left, as they thought,

thought, dead. The Driver of the Chaise might have been of some Service, but he was ordered to go on, which order, he did not chuse to disobey. When I recovered the Blow I had received, I found they were entering this Wood with my helpless Wife, whose Cries were partly stopped, as I imagined through Fear.

Notwithstanding their Threats, I followed at a Distance, despairing of recovering the Object of all my Wishes, and expecting every Moment to have been sensible of her being ravished, and perhaps murdered. Through Fear of a Discovery as I suppose, they travelled 'till they came to the Spot where you found them, which they pitched on for perpetrating their horrid Design. They first endeavoured to obtain their wicked Purpose by Persuasion, and next by Threats.



Threats. At this distressed, Heart-racking Moment, I believe, I should have rushed on them, and attempted a Rescue, but turning about, I espied a glimmering Light through the Trees, towards which I made my Way, and found you, my kind Deliverers. Surely, nothing but the Wisdom of Divine Providence, could bring so distressful a Circumstance, to such a happy Conclusion."

"You do right," said the *Hermit*, "to think so; it is your Duty to think so. Providence seldom suffers the good and the virtuous, either to be long, or completely miserable. Virtue sometimes meets with Affliction, and is unfortunate, but generally rises superior to it all, and is at last rewarded. Such is the gracious Dispensation of Providence; such, the divine Care he takes of the truly virtuous.

tuous.—The terrible Circumstance, which had so nearly befallen you, renews in my Mind, the Remembrance of what happened to me, in the early Part of my Life ; and as the Night is not yet spent, if you please, I will relate it.” The Gentleman and *Arthur*, declaring they were all Attention, he began as follows.

“ You must know then, I was born in *London*, bred to a reputable Profession, and when at the Age of thirty-four, married the Daughter of a wealthy Tradesman. My Wife was young and handsome ; gay and thoughtless ; a Slave to her Person and Pleasures. These, with a cheerful Disposition, soon raised her many Admirers ; every one spoke in her Praise, and every one envied my Happiness ; I mean the Men.—My

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own Fortune was but small, nor was my Wife's any Thing very considerable on the Day of Marriage ; the principal Part being conditional; that is to say, not 'till the Death of her Father. Her Pleasures soon became too expensive for my Trade to support, and I saw, I should soon be distressed. I communicated my Fears to her, and with great Tendernefs, begged her to reduce her Expences. She was thoughtless of Consequences, and deaf to Admonition. I lov'd her to Distraction, and therefore wanted the Resolution to be absolute. I saw our Ruin approaching very fast, but being blinded by Love, was contented to rest easy under it.

One of my Wife's gay Friends, a Merchant in the City, had observed the Gloom on my Countenance, from the  
Reflection

Reflection of my Ruin; he took me aside one Day, and asked me the Reason of my being so melancholy. I told him the State of my Affairs without the least Reserve. "Is that all," said he, "never despair, I will be your Friend." He offered to lend me a thousand Pounds, for whatever Time I pleased. This unexpected Stroke of Friendship, gave me fresh Spirits, and I accepted the Offer. This Supply, enabled me to settle all my Affairs, and redeem my Credit, which was sinking very fast.—My Trade soon encreased, and I found myself in a flourishing Way. Heaven blest us with a Son, the first Year after our Marriage; and I now thought myself completely happy.

Some Time after this, a Friend told me, I gave my Wife too much Liberty,  
that

that I indulged her in Extravagance; and cautioned me not to suffer my Friend the Merchant to be so familiar with her. I was struck with all this, the more, because I had experienced the Merchant's Friendship, and because I knew the Person, who gave me this Hint, was also my sincere Friend. What he had said, dwelt on my Mind. I was uneasy, I doubted, I feared, I suspected: At last I found my Fears too true, by being a Witness of my Wife's Dishonour.—I was distracted! I upbraided the Merchant, my Wife, myself, and all the World. What a Stroke was this! Heavens! I shudder at the Recollection of it!—But my Misfortunes did not end here.—The Merchant feared my Resentment, and had but one Way to secure himself from it. This was by demanding the Payment of the thousand Pounds.

He



He made the Demand; I was unable to pay it; he sued for it; I was obliged to abscond, being unwilling to end my Life in a Goal. During my Absence he seized on my Effects, stripped me of every Shilling, and carried off my Wife in Triumph; who being more careful of her own Welfare, than of mine, thought proper to league with my treacherous Friend, and so left me to sink or swim, as it should happen.

Thus was I thrown at once, from the pleasing Prospect of Happiness, to the Gulph of Misery and Destruction: A Bankrupt in Love, as well as Fortune! This fatal Stroke gave me a Distaste of the World; and I determined, if possible, never to run the Risque of a second Undoing. I wandered up and down a Vagabond over the whole Kingdom; lost to myself and every Thought of seeking.

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ing, either Redress or Revenge. My Friend, who had given me the Hint, respecting my Wife's Conduct with the Merchant, was a Friend indeed: he took my Child, and brought him up, as I have been informed, but that Friend being dead, I have never been able to know the Fate of my Son.

Here I pitched my Tent, after I had wandered 'till I was tired; and here I have been these thirty Years. The Kindness of the neighbouring Farmers, who know my Story, has been all I have depended on; 'till within these last seven Years, a Gentleman, whose Seat is hard by, offered to take me from this gloomy Retreat, but my Days are short, the Place is become natural to me, and I am determined never to quit it. As I refused this Offer, he has insisted on support-

supporting me in this Situation as long as I live."——

*Arthur* was greatly affected with this Story. The Gentleman heard the Conclusion of it with great Emotion and Impatience, and when the *Hermit* had finished it, said, "I beg Sir, you will be kind enough to tell me your Name." "No, said the *Hermit*, I must beg to be excused as to that Point." The Gentleman replied, "is it not *Bentley*, Sir?" The *Hermit* started amazed, and cry'd out, "What, am I then betray'd, does my cruel Fate still follow me, even to this Recess?" "You are betray'd, Sir," replied the Gentleman, "nor shall you escape me now;" and running to him, with great Eagerness, cry'd out, "Good God, Good God, do I live to see this happy Day, it is my Father!"

It

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It would be doing Injustice to this Scene, to attempt a Relation of it. Such an unexpected Event, gave both Parties the highest Satisfaction of Mind ; and the *Hermit* declared, after his Surprise was over, that this happy Moment, was an ample Recompence for the Life of Sorrow he had lived, since his Separation from his Wife and Son. — Young Mr. *Bentley's* Transport was so great, that he was going to call his Wife, to share with him in it, but his Father prevented him, by saying, if haply she had composed her Mind to rest, it would be dangerous to disturb her so soon. The Father blest the Son, and the Son the Father, with such Transports of Joy as cannot be described. A Scene truly affecting to *Arthur*, whose benevolent Heart, enjoyed as much Satisfaction as their's did.

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The Father ask'd a thousand Questions concerning the Son's Situation, Circumstances and Marriage; the Particulars of which were; — that, the Friend brought him up, and establish'd him at his Death in his own Business; that he had married a Lady with a considerable Fortune, which had enabled him to quit Business. And lastly, that his Mother died with Grief, after being deserted by her Seducer.—In the Morning, the Lady rose vastly recover'd from her Fatigue, both of Body and Mind, and was made a Sharer in the present happy Event; which she received with the highest Pleasure.

Breakfast being over, *Arthur* prepared to take his Leave, nor could the strongest Solicitations from these good Folks, prevail on him to stay. — “ Well,” said  
old



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old Mr. *Bentley*, “ I will not press you, but I shall from this Time, value you next my Children, of all Persons in the World, from what I have seen of you, and from your being instrumental in rescuing my dear Children from the Brink of Destruction. — I must however, acquaint you with one thing ; — my great Friend and Patron, whom I lately mentioned, lives about two Miles from this Place on the Verge of yonder Hill. His Seat is a Palace worthy your Notice, and he is so desirous of seeing an accidental Traveller, who may come this Way, which is almost unfrequented, that he will chide me, should he know it, for letting you pass without sending you there. You will easily find your Way to the Top of the Hill as you see it plainly before you, and when you reach the Summit of it, you will see the House at  
about

about the Distance of a Mile. It is the House of Hospitality, and you will find the Master of it, one of the most extraordinary Men in the World, if Knowledge and Goodness can form a great Man. You may mention me to him, and also, if you please, relate what has happened during your stay here. It will give him Pleasure, because he is a good Man, and I know he loves me. — Farewell, young Gentleman ; be wise and be happy ; God bless you.” —

*Arthur* took his Leave with no small Regret, only he knew how necessary it was for him to pursue his Journey.

C H A P.

C H A P. XIV.

*Arthur's Reception at a Little Eden. A Description of the Place, and some Account of the Family there.*

ARTHUR, soon reach'd the Hill, and arriv'd at the Place mention'd by Mr. Bentley. He survey'd the House and Gardens, at a Distance, but could not prevail on himself to call, being a Stranger. While he was considering whether he should call, or go on, he was observ'd by the Gentleman of the House, who immediately sent a Servant out (as was his Custom) to give him an Invitation. Arthur bow'd, and follow'd the Servant, and was met in the Hall by the Master, who with great Civility and Po-

liteness, told him he was welcome to *Little Eden*, that being the Name of the Place.

After the usual Compliments pass'd on both Sides, the Gentleman express'd great Pleasure at *Arthur's* coming that Way, and, in the politest Manner, begg'd his Stay as long as he chose, or it should be convenient to him. Our Hero return'd the Gentleman many Thanks for his Civility, and told him, that he was directed there by the *Hermit*, giving him an Account at the same Time, of what had happened during his stay at the Hermitage.

“ I am vastly pleas'd,” said the Gentleman to *Arthur*, “ with what you tell me : That *Hermit* of the Vale, is a good Man, and a great Man. He was ruin'd  
by

# ARTHUR O' BRADLEY. 171

by Treachery in the early Part of Life, and from that Time to this, has liv'd in that retir'd Manner, despising the World and all its Cares. Vanity makes up no Part of his Composition; he is pleas'd and happy in his humble Situation, and would not quit it, to be made an Emperor. As it is some Hours to Dinner, Sir, said the Gentleman, we will if you please, take a Walk, you will see some Things worth your Notice." This, Proposal, *Arthur* consented to with Eagerness, as his Expectations were greatly rais'd, and his Curiosity strongly excited.——

This delightful Seat, was situated on the Summit of a very high Hill, which commanded an extensive Prospect, truly Picturesque, and wonderfully striking, as it terminated in a View of the Sea.



In the Vale, at the Foot of the Hill, was a small Town, which was a pleasing Object from this Eminence. The House was simple, yet elegant without Grandeur. In the Front, along the Verge of the Hill, was a beautiful Terrace Walk near a Mile in Length, decorated with Evergreens and flowering Shrubs; at the end of which, was a superb Temple adorn'd with a Statue of Hercules, to whom it was dedicated.

Near the House, at agreeable Distances, were various other Temples; and at the Extremity of the Hill on the other Side, a sham Church, and a few small Houses, rais'd in order to deceive the Eye with an Appearance of a little Village. All these were so contrived, as to be seen at one View from the House, so that the Eye was ravish'd,

as

as it were, with whatever can be imagin'd and consider'd as agreeable.—  
 Behind the House, was a beautiful Garden finely laid out ; at the end of which was a Wood, consisting of many winding Walks, decorated with Arbours, Tents, and Temples of various Forms, finely design'd, and curiously executed ; here and there, little Caves and Grottos catch'd the Eye, and now and then, a bubbling Fountain came pleasingly into View ; the whole ending with a magnificent circular Temple, adorn'd with Statues, among which was a delicate Figure of Venus, design'd after that of Medicis. In the Centre was plac'd a beautiful Organ. The Entrance to this Building, was by a grand Flight of Steps. Over the Door as you entered, were these Words in Characters of Gold.

*Here Strains Seraphic, join'd with vir-  
tuous Love,*

*Anticipate a while, the Joys above !*

The Gentleman having shew'd *Arthur* every Thing material about the Place, they returned to the House, where he introduced him to a Lady, who he informed him was his Sister. Our Hero returned the Gentleman Thanks for his Civility in shewing him the Place, and offered to go; but the Gentleman told him, he could not think of parting with him so soon, and begg'd him to stay and spend a few Days at least with him, if his Business would permit. The Lady joining in the Request, *Arthur* was too polite to refuse, and making many Apologies for the Freedom, as well as grateful Thanks for their Kindness, he agreed to stay till the next Day;

Day; but begg'd after that, he might be permitted to proceed on his Journey.

Dinner now made its Appearance, at which the Lady introduced two young Ladies, her Daughters; the one about fourteen, the other about fifteen Years of Age.—Some little Time after the Cloth was removed, the Gentleman desired the youngest of the Ladies to entertain *Arthur* with a Lesson on the Harpsicord, which she did; and afterwards accompanied her Sister, while she sung a Song.—*Arthur* was agreeably pleas'd, nor was he silent in their Praise. Each strove which should most amuse the Stranger, and in this Manner did they entertain him till Tea-time, after which they retired with their Mother.

When they were gone, *Arthur* went and sat down at the Harpsicord, which he played in a very masterly Manner; having been instructed by a very eminent Tutor from his Infancy. The Reader may remember, we gave a Hint of this in the first Chapter of this History. — The Gentleman was agreeably surprized and pleased, saying, “ Good God! I have not heard such playing many Years, and yet I used to think myself no indifferent Performer; though since my Neices have been with me, I have quitted that Instrument and practised the Violin, in order that we might be able to make up a little Concert now and then, to amuse ourselves, as my Sister plays the Violincello very finely, and her eldest Daughter the Violin. You shall hear some of our Performance by and by, but you had best,



best, till it is over, conceal from them your being a Player, for fear it should prevent their playing so well as they otherwise can."

*Arthur* was greatly surprized at hearing the Gentleman's Account of the musical Abilities of his Family, and wish'd the Approach of the Time when he should hear them perform. "That cannot be," said the Gentleman, 'till after Supper, for our whole Life is a regular Scene of Business; my Sister and myself undertaking the Education of the two Girls, in which we go by Rule, and never break in upon Method, having particular Days, and stated Times for every Branch of Business and Amusement."

The Gentleman now made some Enquiry of *Arthur*, whither he was going; and with great Submission, said, "he should be glad to know of him, as he had receiv'd so much Pleasure, both by his Conversation, and great Skill in Music, what brought him to this Part of the World, especially, Sir, says he, as I am not a little surpriz'd, that such a young Gentleman should travel on Foot; for I am apprehensive you are not one of these Parts."

*Arthur*, with Tears in his Eyes, fetch'd a deep Sigh, and said, "No Sir, you are right, I am not one of this Country, nor was I ever in it before; and the Occasion of my being here now is of a very extraordinary Nature."—"You raise my Curiosity greatly," said the Gentleman, "for I see you are mov'd  
with

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with what I have said, and you seem to be labouring under some Affliction. Fear not me, let me know the Cause, and depend on my readiness to serve you, be your Distresses whatever they will."

*Arthur* bow'd, and after a few Minutes pause, related the History of his Affairs, not even reserving as a Secret, his Love for *Louisa*, or Distress on being seperated from her. When he had finish'd, the Gentleman said, "Indeed Sir, your History is an extraordinary one, and I feel for you to my very Soul; because, I have not a Doubt as to the Truth of it: But be comforted, and set your Heart at rest; you shall go no further, I am resolved. If your Journey to *Devon-*  
*shire,*

*shire*, is only intended as an Asylum till your Affairs may be settled, or a Livelihood procured for you, rest contented here, you shall have all this without further Trouble, was it to cost me half my Fortune."

*Arthur* thanked the Gentleman for his kind Offers, in the most grateful Terms, but still persisted in his Resolution of pursuing his Journey into *Devonshire*. There were many Reasons he said, which made it necessary for him to do so, and in particular, because it was a Plan settled by his Friend Mr. *Goodall* in his first Distress, which Plan he made no Doubt, that Gentleman had acquainted his Father with by this Time; a Deviation from which, without his Friend's Knowledge, might be  
confi-

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considered in the Light of a Breach of Trust, at the same Time that it might lead his Father to think him above Advice or Direction. “ Your kind Offer, Sir,” continued he, “ is so singular and nobly generous, that I want Words to acknowledge it as I ought ; but Honour will not permit me to accept of it. The Scheme I am now pursuing, was the Effect of disinterested Friendship ; it has been my Support in my late afflicting Trial, and I will, with the Permission of Heaven, trust to the Consequences of it, come what may.”

The Gentleman paid great Attention to what *Arthur* said, and commended his Steadiness of Mind ; saying, “ Well young Gentleman, since you will not accept my Offer, you shall go  
when-



whenever it is agreeable to you ; but I must insist on one Thing ;—that you constantly let me hear from you ; and should you be unable to re-establish yourself with your Father, or prove unsuccessful in whatever you may undertake, return here to me, where you shall find, not only a Friend, but a Father.”

*Arthur* was so overcome with the Gentleman's generous Professions, that he was unable to thank him, otherwise than by bowing, being dissolved in Tears of Joy and Gratitude. The Gentleman perceiving this, said, “Come Sir, be not dismay'd, nor give Way to Sorrow, Providence may have secret Blessings in store for you. Pursue the virtuous Course you have hitherto gone, and.

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and I make no Doubt but all will end happily, notwithstanding Things wear a gloomy Aspect at present. The History of my Adventures, is of a more extraordinary Nature than any Thing you have yet experienced; and as I think they will not only entertain, but afford you some useful Lessons, I will relate them after Supper, when my Sister retires to Rest."

Supper was now brought in; and when over, the Gentleman said to his Sister, " My Dear, we will postpone our usual Concert, if you please, till To-morrow Morning, as I shall be glad to have some Conversation with this Gentleman; with whom you must be better acquainted, for he is the most amiable young Man I ever met with.—

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The Lady being unwilling to interrupt them, retired immediately, wishing them a good Night; and the Gentleman began his Narration; which the Reader will find in the next Chapter.

C H A P. XV.

*In which the Gentleman relates his surprising Adventures. If the Reader should not approve of them, the Author promises to leave them out in the second Edition of this History.*

“**Y**OU must know, Sir,” said the Gentleman, “I was born at one of the principal Towns in the County of York. My Father was a Man of some Property, which, with a Place he held under the Government, enabled him to live in a very comfortable Manner. When I was of a proper Age, he placed me at a public School, where I received, what

what is generally termed a classical Education.

Being naturally indolent, and from my Infancy addicted to Pleasure, I made but a very indifferent Progress in my Studies. At the Age of fourteen, I was taken from School, and placed, agreeable to my own Choice, under the Tuition of a celebrated Master of Music, who was Organist at a neighbouring Cathedral. My Genius and Love of Music, prompted me to Assiduity; and in three Year's Time, I made such a Progress, that I was thought to excel my Master as a Player, and in a short Time, became the Admiration of every one that heard me perform.

Continual Praise, soon inspired me with Vanity, the inseparable Companion  
of.



of a weak Mind; nor, was I alone in this Foible, for my Father's partial Fondness for me, led him to consider me a Prodigy; and being ignorant of my Abilities, and naturally of a penurious Disposition; he began to think me capable of pushing myself in the World thus early and unfinished in the Study of my Profession. I was accounted a fine Player, and therefore he imagined, I must immediately make my Fortune, without any Difficulty. An Opportunity presented itself in a short Time, that intirely corresponded with his Disposition and Ideas; and being himself but little acquainted with the World, he readily embraced it.

At the Town where I lived, we had annual Races in the Summer Season; which drew together great Numbers of  
the

the neighbouring Nobility and Gentry. Upon these Occasions, we had Concerts and Assemblies after the Races were over; and as I was considered as the *Handel* of the Place, I generally played the Harpsicord; to which my poor Father, paid more Attention, than he would have done to the Music of the Spheres. —

I distinguished myself so much, by playing some Concertos at one of these Concerts, that, the Applause I received, could be equalled by nothing, but my Father's Joy, and my own Vanity. When the Concert was over, a Nobleman present, came to me, and after paying me many Compliments, asked if I chose to quit my Situation, and go to *London* with him and his Family; adding, if it was agreeable, his House should be my Home, and that he would be my Friend.

This

This Proposal, filled my Mind with Joy, and I accepted it, on Condition it was agreeable to my Father.—— Application being made to him, he eagerly consented, imagining my Fortune was made for ever, at the same Time, that he was eased of the Expence of maintaining me.——In a few Days, I set out for *London*, with my new Friend and Patron, and was honoured with a Place in his Coach, with his Lady, and Daughter.

It is impossible to tell you, the many idle Things I promised myself from this Expedition ; or, the Pleasure I enjoyed on my Arrival at his Lordship's House. The Blaze of Pomp, Luxury, and Voluptuousness, I here beheld, had a strange Effect on my Weakness and In-experience. I was soon absorbed in Pleasure and Dissipation ; and thoughtless of future

ture Things, paid no Regard but to the Time present. I was more enamoured with my new Situation and Friends, than I am able to describe. Every Thing wore the Face of Plenty, Pleasure, and Happiness. I was the constant Companion of the Family; and the Partner of their Amusements. All the Return they asked, was the Compliment of a Lesson on the Harpsicord, to pleasure them, and their Friends. Tailors, Hairdressers, &c. were sent for to adorn and decorate my Person; and these good People I imagined would make a fine Gentleman of me. This is not to be wondered at, as I was a Stranger to the Customs and Manners of the World, intirely ignorant of the Affairs of Life; and might be said to be free from Vice; (my Vanity excepted) for in my Opinion,

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nion, consummate Vanity deserves a severer Name than Folly.

My daily Companions, were a Set of giddy, thoughtless People, of Rank and Title; who paid me as much Respect, as if I had been their Equal; not that it was long, before my Vanity led me to think so. I was a Man of Fashion, in every Respect, but in Title and Property; though in Fact, nothing more than a pompous Beggar, living splendidly on Charity. My Time was continually spent with the Family, in the gay Scenes of Pleasure.—My Father gave himself little Concern about me, but was happy at my Situation and good Fortune, especially as I wanted no Assistance from him, which pleased him admirably well. For my own Part, I never bestowed a single Thought about the  
Uncer-



Uncertainty of my Situation, not having the least Idea of a Change.

His Lordship, frequently spoke in my Praise to his noble Visitants, and recommended me to their Favour and Esteem; which produced many Promises of my being provided for with a Place. These Things, I paid very little Attention to, as I did not consider myself in any Want; especially, as my Lord had desired me to make his House my Home, and every Thing in it; perpetually assuring me, he would *make a Man of me*.

What was now the State of my Mind, what the Pleasure I enjoyed! But alas! it was too extatic to be lasting: Love pierced my youthful Breast, with his all-powerful Dart. His Lordship's Daughter, was nearly of my Age; beautiful, and delicate.

delicate. She was my constant Companion ; no wonder then, I gazed, admired, adored and loved ! I felt I knew not what, and at last fell a Sacrifice to the pleasing Delirium. I loved without Design, nor was I apprehensive of the Consequences ; especially, as I soon found, that her Thoughts of me, were similar to mine for her. Our Love was genuine, uncorrupted and reciprocal. — As my Passion was real and natural, it was open and unreserved, for I had not the least Thought of any Impediment to our Happiness.

Our Conduct was observed by the Family, who saw the Consequences in their true Light. My Lord, questioned his Daughter on the Subject ; who, through Innocence, had not the least Notion, that it was necessary to conceal the Affair ;

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since her Father's Behaviour to me, had led her to consider me as her equal. She confessed the Truth : which Confession, sealed my Fate. — His Lordship was perfectly satisfied, without ever putting me under Examination; which if he had done, I should have been as unreserved.

I was informed by the young Lady, of the Particulars of what passed between her and her Father; about which, she was greatly alarmed; but I was still insensible of Danger. I thought his Lordship would be my Friend, because he had said he would, and did not imagine, my being in Love with his Daughter, was a Crime.

The next Morning, convinced me of my Error. The Butler came to my Bed-side before I was up, and told me,  
he

he was ordered by his Lordship, to inform me that I must leave the House immediately. I did not apprehend what this meant, therefore paid very little Regard to it; and when up, went into his Lordship's Room, as was my usual Custom, without either Ceremony or Concern.

The Moment I entered, he rose up in a violent Passion, and repeated what the Butler had told me before; calling me, Rogue, Rascal, Villain, &c. I was thunderstruck, and being unable to make any Reply, retired to my Chamber, not a little terrified. The poor Servants, sensible the Storm was increasing, came to me, and begged me to leave the House. This began to rouse me, and I should have gone, if I had known whither; but not knowing, I begged

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them

them to leave me to myself, and said I would not go.

His Lordship was soon made acquainted with my Resolution. In the Afternoon, as I was musing on my Situation, or rather, what would be my Situation; two Bailiffs entered the Room, asked me, if my Name was not *Willowby*, and said they had an Action against me, at the Suit of my Taylor? Without any Ceremony, they dragged me away to a Spunging house, where I was detained that Night, and the next Day carried to *Newgate*.—This was a cruel Stroke, and pursuing me with Vengeance in the highest Degree. I never dreamt of such an Affair, because the Cloaths were made by his Lordship's Order, so that I had never considered myself as the Paymaster. But this was the only Step that could  
be



be taken to crush me at once: nor, would it have taken Place, as I was afterwards informed, but that his Lordship obliged the Taylor to do it.

In this Situation, I was soon stripped of my Watch, and what Money I had about me, for the Support of a few Days, by those Harpies, who hover round the distressed Inhabitants of these Kind of Places. After I had been here about a Week, my Lord's Butler paid me a Visit, and with great Concern and Civility, offered me all the Assistance in his Power; and at the Hazard of his Master's Displeasure, conveyed all my Cloaths to me. By selling Part of these, I raised Money enough to remove myself from *Newgate* by a Habeas Corpus, to the *Fleet-prison*, where I breathed a more wholesome Air, and

was accommodated with a tolerable Room, which I had to myself.

I resolved to write to my Father, in order to acquaint him with what had happened, not doubting, but a faithful Account of my Sufferings, would tempt him to release me ; but judge my Distraction of Mind, on receiving a Letter the very Day I was preparing to write to him, that he had died suddenly a few Days before. This was a Shock almost insupportable, as all my Hopes were at an End, for you must know, my Mother died in my Infancy. I had no Friend to apply to, but a Sister, to whom I wrote, and received an Answer, that it was not in her Power to give me any Assistance, she being left to the Care of my Father's Executors, to whose Care our Fortunes were intrusted 'till we came

of

of Age. My Father died rich, but not supposing I should be in Want, before I came of Age, had put it out of the Power of my Guardians to give me any Assistance at this Time.

I had no Means of Support, in this wretched Situation, but by selling my Cloaths from Time to Time; the Care of which I was obliged to leave to the Runners of this Place, who sold them for a tenth Part of their Value; or, at least, told me so: And when I had got a trifling Pittance, it was soon expended, even in the common Necessaries of Life, which in Prisons, are purchased at a dear Rate. I have often thought, that the Impositions, poor distressed Prisoners labour under, in our Goals, are not sufficiently attended to, by the legislative Power of this Kingdom. In all these

Places, there are a Set of Wretches, who perpetually prey on the Distresses of their Fellow Creatures; and daily commit the grossest Frauds with Impunity.

I dragged on a miserable Life for some Time, reduced at last, to one Thing of a Sort, and expecting every Day to know the Want of Bread. Where was now all that Pomp and Splendour I had lately enjoyed? Where the gay Scenes of Pleasure? Where my noble Friends? All gone! All flown! *Like the baseless Fabrick of a Vision.* While Want, and Death were the only Objects in View!—One Day, as I was ruminating on these Things, half dead with Imagination, my Lord's Daughter entered the Room! Judge what I felt at this Moment. A more striking Scene cannot be imagined! To behold, when I least expected it, the  
Object

Object of all my Wishes, gave a new Turn to my languishing Spirits. After we had condoled with each other on what was past, she with great Eagerness, spoke as follows.

“ Oh! Mr. *Willowby*, I thought you lost for ever! My Father's Cruelty has almost drove me to Despair! I am miserable beyond Expression! My Happiness depends on your's, and be assured, I will hazard all to save you from Misery and Distress. I have stole out while my Father is from Home, without Suspicion; and must return and leave you in a few Moments, or I shall be discovered, and we ruined and separated for ever.—Hear then, my Purpose; which, if your former Professions of Love and Friendship were sincere, you will now approve. I have privately sold my Jewels.—Here



is the Money,—take it, and set yourself at Liberty.—One Thing more.—If you love me, make me happy.—I will risque all Consequences to be with thee!—Marry me!”—Here she paused.—

I was almost overcome with so much Generosity, and throwing my Arms about her in a Transport of Joy and Affection, I kissed her a thousand Times, bathing her lovely Face in a Flood of Tears.”—Here the Gentleman wept; and for some Minutes could not proceed.—

“You may be assur’d Sir,” said the Gentleman, “I was too generous to refuse: Nor did I want either Love or Gratitude. I consented, and we fixed a Day for executing our Scheme, regardless of what might happen afterwards. It being necessary she should return, till I had purchased my

my Liberty ; we parted, hoping it would be the last Time.——I immediately discharged the Debt for which I was detained, and after purchasing some Cloaths, provided a Lodging at a remote Part of the Town, for the Reception of the Object of my Wishes on the Day of Marriage. The Day came, and we were married by a Clergyman in the Rules of the Fleet, this being the most expeditious Method we could think of.

We were blessed beyond what we hoped for ; but our Happiness lasted but three Days.—The Lady being missed, a Search was made for her at the Fleet, where my Enlargement was known. This opened the Door to our Discovery and Separation, a Day I shall never forget. My Lord came to our Lodgings, and took my Wife away by Force, notwithstanding,

withstanding I claimed her as my Wife. She was an Heiress; had sold her Jewels, the Money for which I received.—The Marriage was proved illegal, and the whole ended in a Judge's Warrant being issued to apprehend me. The honest Butler gave me Intelligence of this, upon which, I consulted the Person at whose House I was; who, advised me to fly immediately to *France*. I went instantly, and escaped Persecution.

From *France*, after a short Stay, I went to *Holland*, where I began to think of some Method of employing my Time and Money to Advantage. The Money I had of my Wife, was somewhat more than six hundred Pounds, scarce one of which I had expended. In a short Time, I met with a Merchant, who proposed taking me into a Share of his Business,

on

on Condition I threw this Sum into his Stock. I agreed to the Proposal, and applied myself to Business with great Affiduity, in order to divert my Mind, from the Thoughts of what was past.—I frequently wrote to my Wife, and solicited her to come to me, not doubting, but I should have been able to have maintained her comfortably, though not elegantly; but I never received any Answer, so that I have imagined my Letters were intercepted.

When I became of Age, which was about two Years after my Marriage. I wrote to my Father's Executors, and order'd them to remit me my Fortune, which they did, and I had the Pleasure to find it beyond Expectation, amounting to upwards of eight thousand Pounds. At  
this

this Time, I received an Account from my Sister, that my Wife was delivered of a Son about eight Months after my Arrival in *France*; that his Lordship still continued his Enmity to me, and not only sent the Child from his Mother, but kept her a close Prisoner, during the Remainder of her Life, which ended about seven Years after our Separation. What became of our deserted Off-spring I never could learn; though the honest Butler sent me Word, he died in his Infancy, but of this he had no certain Knowledge.

On the Receipt of the Fortune my Father left me, I entered into a larger Share of the Partnership, with this additional Capital. We carried on an extensive Trade, and were successful; for at the  
End

End of ten Years, from the Time I first entered into Partnership, I found my Fortune increased to fifty thousand Pounds. I now declined, and determined to return to my native Country, having no Apprehensions about the Danger of doing so. Before I could settle my Affairs with my Partner, to accomplish this End, he died, and being a single Man, to my great Surprize, left me his whole Fortune, which I had the Pleasure to find near eighty thousand Pounds.

I settled my Affairs, and returned to *England*. Soon after my Arrival, my Sister, who had married a Gentleman of Fortune, became a Widow, with two Children, the Girls you have seen. Her Sorrow and Distress on this Occasion, renewed my former Troubles, for the  
Separation



Separation from the Woman I dearly loved, and Loss of her and a Child I never knew. I therefore determined to seek some Place of Retirement, where I might spend the Remainder of my Life in Solitude and Peace. The Estate you here have seen, being to be sold on the Death of the Owner, I purchased it of his Heirs, and here I have lived about eight Years, and have made most of the Improvements you see. But I would not have you think, Sir, I have raised this Place to its present Perfection and Elegance, out of Vanity, or Ostentation, but from a different Motive. As my Fortune was too extensive for me to spend, unless I had gone into a Way of Life, which I have now no Relish for; I determined to make these Improvements, that I might have an Opportunity

nity of employing the Poor around me; for this I am well convinced, is the best Way of being charitable to them.

About a Year after I had purchased this Place, my Sister settled her deceased Husband's Affairs, and came with her Children to live with me; from which Time we have studied to make each other happy, and lead such Lives, as can only be enjoyed by Minds unconscious of having committed evil. The Education of her Children engrosses a great Part of our Time, though we make it an Amusement, rather than a Toil. It is our Study to make them good, rather than to make them great; and we wish for nothing so much as the Continuance of our Lives, 'till they  
are

are established in the World, secure from Difficulties and Danger. I have taught them Music, so that we are able, as I mentioned before, to amuse ourselves with a little Concert; and however trifling this may seem, I assure you, we pass many Hours, through the Assistance of this Art, in a happier Manner than we otherwise should do; for I have always considered the excellent Art of Music, as a Blessing, designed by the great Author of our Being, to raise and exhilarate our drooping Spirits, when over-burdened and oppressed with the Troubles and Anxieties we labour under, during our Pilgrimage on Earth: for certain it is, that *Music is the sweet Softener of Cares*: And though I do not believe all the Hyperboles of the Ancients, in their  
Accounts

Accounts of the Effects produced by this heavenly Art, yet, I am truly sensible, that it has an irresistible Influence over the various Passions of the human Mind; and can in one and the same Person, raise the different Emotions of Joy and Grief, Rage and Despair.— You cannot therefore wonder, that I have cultivated the Knowledge of this Art in my Family.

This Sir, is my History, and this my Situation; with which I am contented, and so I should, were it less desirable than it is. I make myself perfectly happy, and in Gratitude to Heaven, for the Blessings I enjoy, endeavour as much as it is in my Power, to relieve the Wants of all around me, and make them happy as I can.—

My

My Spirits are sometimes affected when I think of my poor Boy, and his amiable Mother. She is no more, and I am resigned to the Misfortune; but as for my Son, whether dead or living, he is lost to me. Were I absolutely certain of his Death, I should be happy; but, when I reflect, that he may be living, and labouring under the Oppressions of Poverty and Want, when he might be relieved, and made happy did he know his Father; I confess, Sir, my Mind is greatly distressed, nor have I Philosophy enough to conquer the Uneasiness it gives me."

*Arthur* returned the Gentleman Thanks, for the Trouble he had given himself in relating the History of his Life

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Life and Adventures; to which he paid great Attention.—The Night being now far spent, they retired to Rest.

CHAP.



## C H A P. XVI.

*A little shorter than the last ; though the dullest in the whole Book : But it conveys the Hero to the End of his Journey, and concludes the first Volume of this History.*

**I**N the Morning when *Arthur* arose, he found Mr. *Willowby* in the Par-  
lour, who informed him, he had just  
received a Letter from the old Butler,  
(with whom he still kept up a Corres-  
pondence) acquainting him of the  
Death of his Father-in-law, who died  
in a Fit of Apoplexy about six Weeks  
before the Date of this Letter. “ God  
rest his Soul,” cried Mr. *Willowby*, “ he  
was

was cruel to me and his lovely Daughter, but I forgive him."——So saying, he wept; at which *Arthur* was very much affected.

"It must be confessed," said Mr. *Willowby*, "that my precipitate Marriage with his Daughter was an alarming Circumstance to his Lordship, and doubtless must destroy his Peace of Mind for a Time, when he considered my Years, Want of Knowledge, and I may say, Want of Fortune; yet as I had not gone any unwarrantable Lengths, in respect to his Daughter's Virtue, and had given so signal a Proof of my Regard and Love by marrying her, I have often thought it rather wonderful that his inexorable Resentment should lead him to make us miserable; which he did, as I have before observed,

by

by a cruel Separation; and that the Spark of parental Affection, which for a Time might be extinguished, never re-kindled: but the Passion of Pride overpowered the nicer Sensations of Love and Humanity. The Inequality of my Birth and Fortune, rendered me in his Opinion, an improper Match for his Daughter. O false Ambition! What can be the Reason that Parents are thus arbitrary? Why must their Children's Happiness depend on their Wills? Tyrant Custom may prescribe such Laws, but they are neither social, just or generous; not that I can think myself totally blameless, it was a rash and imprudent Step; yet our Youth and Inexperience should have given the Balance in our Favour."

"I have

“ I have often thought it very extraordinary, that Parents are so generally influenced by interested Motives in respect to marrying their Children, without paying the least Regard to Inclination and Affection.—We frequently see Instances where Persons are obliged by Parents to contract an Union with those of the most uncorrespondent Dispositions, with those who are even offensive to their Senses.—A virtuous good Man, is the most valuable Blessing a Father can bestow upon his Daughter, and to deprive her of such an one, is not only cruel and unnatural, but extending even parental Authority too far ?

Did Parents only advise, I would not controul them ; Age and Experience render them fit to give it ; and it is an Argument of their Affection and Regard

for their Children, when they endeavour to instruct them and direct their Conduct. Did they only strive to correct and restrain the irregular Appetites ;—let them,—they ought to do it ; but it is monstrous and unnatural, when they attempt to direct the Passions to Objects they cannot fix on.—None but ourselves, can judge of the Feelings of our own Hearts: None but ourselves, can see others correspondent to them.—The Idea of the Union, entered into, under the Auspices of Reason cemented by a Similarity of Disposition, and cherished by mutual Complacencies, is delightful: But how wild is the Prospect arising from a Marriage, where Interest joins the Hands ; where jarring Tempers alienate the Heart ?”

The entering of Mr. *Willowby's* Sister and her two Daughters to Breakfast, put an End to this Discourse, which *Arthur*

*thou* would otherwise have listened to with Pleasure the whole Day, without ever once thinking of his Journey, so much did it engage his Attention, not knowing but that the Evil complained of by Mr. *Willowby*, might happen to himself, respecting his Connection with *Louisa*; especially when he considered his present critical and uncertain Situation in Life.

As soon as Breakfast was over, Mr. *Willowby* said to his Sister, "My Dear, I deprived you of your Music last Night, I therefore beg we may have a little Concert this Morning." The young Ladies immediately went and fetch'd their Instruments and Books, and altogether made an agreeable musical Party. Mr. *Willowby* and the eldest of the young Ladies play'd the Violin, his



Sister the Violoncello, and the youngest the Harpsicord. During the Space of about an Hour, they entertained *Arthur* very agreeably, who was highly pleased with their Taste and Judgment, in making Choice of some very delicate Compositions, which they executed in a masterly Manner.

When they left off playing, Mr. *Willowby* burst into an immoderate Laugh, and said, "My Dears, you little think before whom you have been playing; this Gentleman is one of the greatest Masters on the Harpsicord I ever heard;" and then begg'd of *Arthur* to sit down and play; who very obligingly complied with the Request, and play'd a fine Concerto, for which he received the Thanks of the Ladies, who expressed their Pleasure and Amazement  
at

at his surprizing Execution in a polite Manner. To say the Truth, he was thought to be a most extraordinary fine Performer on that Instrument.

Just as *Arthur* left off playing, the *Hermit* arrived with his Son and Daughter, saying to Mr. *Willowby* as he entered, “ My honoured Friend and Protector, permit me humbly to present to you, the greatest Blessings Heaven ever bestow'd on me; my long lost Son, and this Lady, his Wife. O Sir, Heaven was very kind to me, when it threw you in my Way, who have made my Life so contented and happy; but this Event, is a Blessing I never expected to enjoy.” Then turning to *Arthur*, he said, “ O young Gentleman, I am glad to find you here; I had my Doubts, whether your Modesty would not pre-

vent your making a Visit to *Little Eden*. This Youth Sir," addressing himself to Mr. *Willowby*, "is a very good young Man; his Heart is inclined to Virtue; Accident threw him in my Way, and having discoursed with him, I am deeply interested in his Welfare and Happiness."

"I hope," said Mr. *Willowby*, "he will be both successful and happy; and I am not a little concerned for his present unsettled Circumstances. I have heard his Story, and used all the Arguments I am Master of, to prevent his going any farther in Search of Fortune, but all to no Purpose; the Plan he is now pursuing, is agreeable to the Advice of a Gentleman who was his Friend when his Father deserted him, and he has too much Integrity I see, to depart from it."

*Arthur*

*Arthur* now begged Leave to set forward on his Journey ; which Mr. *Willowby* agreed to, knowing his Resolution of fulfilling his Engagements with Mr. *Goodall* ; but insisted, that he should accept of his Carriage to convey him to *Devonshire*, and not think of walking on Foot. *Arthur* desired him not to think of such a Thing, and said all he could to dissuade him from it ; but Mr. *Willowby* would not hear him.—The Carriage was ordered, and *Arthur* obliged to comply ; and the Servants, unknown to him, had orders from their Master to pay all Expences on the Road.

He now left these good People with no small Regret, returning the most grateful Thanks for the Civilities he had received ; and on getting into the Post-chaise, Mr. *Willowby* begged him

to

to accept of a Piece of Plumb-cake, which he gave him in a Paper, saying, "it would be no unwelcome Thing upon the Road;" at the same Time desiring him to write as often as possible, with a strict Injunction to return, if he met with the least Difficulty whatever; adding, that here, he should always find a Home, and every Thing else he could wish for.

The Carriage drew off, while the *Hermit*, and indeed the whole Company pray'd for his Welfare and Happiness.

Nothing happened worthy Notice during the Journey, from *Little Eden* to his Arrival at Mr. *Goodall's*, where he reach'd the second Day after his Departure; except, that on opening the Paper with

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with the Plumb-cake the next Morning, he found a Bank Note for fifty Pounds. This unexpected Generosity of Mr. *Willowby's*, drew Tears from *Arthur*, and he gave Thanks to Heaven, which alone, in his Opinion, could inspire so much Goodness.

Mr. *Goodall* received him with great Joy and Friendship; but declared, he began to be alarmed at his overstaying his Time so much, he having expected him several Days. The Reason of this *Arthur* explained. The Meeting of these two Friends, was truly affecting. Mr. *Goodall* said every Thing he could to assure him he was welcome, and that he might depend on his Endeavours to serve him to the utmost of his Power; which *Arthur* return'd in the most grateful Manner.

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As soon as the Ceremony of their Meeting was over, he wrote to *Louisa*, to Mr. *Goodall's* Brother and to Mr. *Willowby*, acquainting the two former of his safe Arrival; and also of what had happened to him on the Road; with many other Things not necessary to mention, as they would be irksome to the Reader; who must certainly be tired already with this dull History. We shall therefore, put an End to this Volume, reserving the wonderful and surprizing Things that happened to *Arthur*, for the second; which it is greatly fear'd, the Reader will not have Patience to peruse, though the most entertaining Part of the whole Work.

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END OF VOL. I.

